PRAYER FOR PROFIT

ROBERT COLLYER WASHBURN

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PRAYER for PROFIT

PRAYER for PROFIT: ~ Being the Colorful Story of Our Pilgrim Fathers

By ROBERT COLLYER WASHBURN
Author of "Samson"

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To the Reader

THE traditional story of the settlement of New England relies in a large way upon direct revelations from God to fill in the gaps in the record. Such one-sided testimony leaves Satan out of account, and in the story of New England, as in that other great Puritan poem, *Paradise Lost,* Satan is the actual and the attractive hero.

Recent creative scholars have done much to ungild the lily, digging tirelessly through the drifts of piety that have covered Plymouth Rock deeper by far than the layers of silt that buried Homer's Troy. They have unearthed many a fine specimen of hoof-print; yet they have been content to give the bare facts, without filling in the *lacunæ* as their predecessors had done, to present a human picture.

This book is the first attempt, so far as is known, to give that true picture, hewing to the line, let the hoof-prints and brimstone fall where they may, basing itself squarely upon the records and the plain inferences therefrom, and daring to rely upon special revelations from Satan, as occasion warrants, to balance the more familiar special revelations from God.

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PART ONE

Into the Kaleidoscope

Chapter I: *The Left Hand of God*

PRISCILLA MULLENS, the little girl, drew herself round by round up the rope ladder that dangled from the vessel to the quay. The distance was not great, but as she looked up it seemed like the progress to eternity. A weight was on her mind and a load was on her heart.

In her own body, the chaste body of a little woman of fourteen, she saw personified all the sinful filth of man's low estate since the first mother transgressed and plunged humanity into the foulness from which it could be saved only by the miracle of the almost unbelievable mercy of God.

She shuddered as she drew herself up the ladder, pondering His grace that He did not fling such a worm as she into the sea. At the top rung she slipped upon the heavy hempen splice, and tumbled in terror down into the arms of her father. He freed a hand to catch the unexpected weight, swayed a moment, unsteadily off balance, then helped her headlong aboard.

"Woe is me for my great sin," murmured Pris-

cilla. "Woe is me, for the just God casts me to the ground." She had thought she was plunging to eternity. Stumbling to the deck, she achieved in a left-handed way the eternity of which she dreamed, to which she hardly dared aspire.

For the ship to which she stumbled was the *Mayflower*. On it she embarked, unknowing, on an immortality much like the Heaven she pictured, a lily-white and pastel existence, free from taint, in the folklore of a nation so pure it was not yet even conceived.

She who was to become Priscilla Alden, the Penelope of the New World, meanwhile was a very real little girl, with very real human tears, as she picked herself up and wept for her sins.

The rest of that Pilgrim band were real people, too, with fears to be quieted, with appetites and longings to be satisfied. They, too, stumbled into immortality by a path they could not discern. They had no idea they were to be heroes of the modern Iliad. Like ourselves and the people we know, they were occupied with the daily round of getting bread and eating it, with getting on in the world—this world and the world to come.

To them the *Mayflower* was no hoary tradition, but only a ship; though a fine ship she was, one of

the largest they had ever seen. They had no idea that their every poor stick of furniture would one day be as eagerly cherished as the glories that were Greece. Had they known, perhaps they would have overloaded their ship as dangerously with furniture as the modern collector would have you believe they did. For they were thrifty, and interested in the prosperity of their children. Nor did they know they were to be the roots of the proudest and most numerous family trees of a new race of men, trees large enough so their descendants could and would (as with the prideful redwoods) drive omnibuses through them.

The Pilgrims did know most certainly how hot it was that August day in the year of grace 1620, how uncomfortable they were, stuffed into a hot ship in the hot port of Southampton, waiting and impatient for the time they would be able to start for the New World.

A baffled look came over the face of Priscilla's father as he helped her to her feet and heard the words she murmured through her tears. Impatience was in his walk as his burly prosperous-looking form disappeared up a companionway. On the high poop deck the planks sizzled under foot and the heat rose in curling waves, reeking of oakum pitch and

the dry smell of rope. He wiped the sweat from his brow.

Like many another who has plunged headlong into an enterprise, William Mullens was beginning to wonder. A merchant of Dorking-in-Surrey, a shoe dealer, he had sold out to ship on the *Mayflower* with his family. Thus he was technically a Pilgrim, but there is no need to bow the knee before him. He was not interested in religion. He was a business man.

His main stake in the venture was as an investor, a merchant adventurer. A hearty, prosperous man in the prime of life, a forward-looking man, he had many qualities we should consider modern. He had been married twenty-five years, and had limited his children to four. The youngest two, Priscilla and Joseph, he had brought with his wife on the *Mayflower,* away from their comfortable home. It gave him pause.

Mullens looked over at the quay where a group of fellow-passengers in flashing caps, doublets and hose stretched their legs after the cramped voyage around from London. They clustered in the shade, for all the world like the cattle he had so often seen in his native Surrey, grouped close under the lone tree in a broad green pasture. Would he ever see the

friendly familiar green of the Surrey Downs again?

His eye followed down the quay to a smaller vessel nearby in the forest of masts. Ironically enough, she was named the *Speedwell.* She had brought reënforcements from Holland. The two ships had put in at Southampton to distribute cargo.

Mullens knew the colonists on the *Speedwell* belonged to some religious sect or other, but they were reputed to be good men. Cushman, a minister who acted as their agent in London and had shipped from there aboard the *Mayflower,* seemed to have sound business sense, despite the ideas he had put into Priscilla's head during the short voyage around. A pox on religion, anyway! What worried Mullens was that he had just heard the *Speedwell* was leaking.

Little Priscilla followed her father up to the rail and stood timidly for a moment, looking thoughtful, waiting to gain his attention.

"Is it true that the Evil One made the *Speedwell* leak because he is afraid of us, Father?"

He answered her kindly, with the common-sense answer. She still looked puzzled as she went away. He smiled bitterly to himself. It was mainly for his children that he had embarked on this venture at all, to secure for them advantages he had not been

able to afford. And now, before they were even started, the children were one of his chief worries. What would be the end of it all!

He was baffled, a feeling strange to him. In his mind he reviewed events that had brought him here.

A business acquaintance of long standing, Thomas Weston, ironmonger and capitalist, who had given him excellent tips in the past, happened to be treasurer of the Merchant Adventurers of London (the Virginia Company), formed to exploit the southern half of the territory England claimed on the new continent. Weston's task was to get likely colonists to settle this land and secure the capital to finance them.

In the latter regard, he had approached Mullens. His enthusiasm was contagious. He believed in the future of America. Mullens talked over with him the glowing possibilities of fortunes to be made in fisheries, lumber and furs, to say nothing of crops and gold.

The prospect was appealing. Weston went to Holland to see a congregation of English exiles who wanted to settle in the New World. Through John Robinson, their leader and minister, they arranged to join the colony Weston was promoting near the Delaware River. Tentative terms were arranged.

Weston grew even more enthusiastic. Mullens looked it over as a business proposition. Jamestown had been established for some years, and doubtless would soon be reaping fortunes for its backers. Spanish colonies had yielded fabulous amounts of bullion. Business was bad at home. Mullens caught the fever.

He not only invested to the limit, but joined as a colonist himself to have a direct voice in the management, believing this the most prudent business course, as well as a chance for a healthy outdoor life for himself and his family.

He had caught the fever, but he kept his feet on the ground. He kept a stock of shoes to sell later to his fellow-colonists at a tidy profit.

For a time everything went well. Weston's energy and confidence made it easy to raise capital among his friends. He advanced money for the exiles to get the *Speedwell* and fit her out. But the enterprise began to run into more money than had been estimated. Capital could not be had on the easy terms Weston had agreed to in Holland.

The arrangement had been for a partnership in which each emigrant was to have a share of £10 value, or a double share if he fitted himself out. For seven years settlers were to be fed and clothed out

of a common stock, with private trading forbidden. At the end of that time the assets of the partnership would be divided pro rata among the shareholders. Such were the usual terms.

But the shrewd congregation in Leyden had wormed out of Weston the concession that the settlers would own their houses and garden plots outright, with two days a week free for private cultivation. This was the stumbling block to the raising of further capital.

The situation was desperate. The project was about to fall through, with disaster for investors and colonists alike. Half the Leyden congregation —for they had prudently decided to send only half at first—had uprooted themselves, as had the larger number of prospective colonists recruited from London. Weston held hectic conferences with Cushman and representatives of this London group. All felt so deeply involved as to make concessions worth while. Time was too short to permit Cushman to communicate with Leyden. Since more money was necessary, he agreed to the best terms on which it could be had, giving up the special advantages the Leyden men had obtained.

On this basis Weston raised the remaining capital, completed the arrangements for the *Mayflower,*

and gathered the main body of colonists aboard her in London.

The *Mayflower* sailed to Southampton to await the *Speedwell.* Weston himself came around to see his expedition off and get the Leyden group to ratify the new terms.

A conference was to be held that afternoon. To Mullens, as he stood at the rail, it did not even occur that the conference would be anything but a pure formality. But he was worried by the delay. The *Mayflower* had already waited days for the *Speedwell.* Now when at last she arrived, she leaked. It was already late in the season to be starting a plantation.

Lively fears and vague misgivings played about in his mind. The delays had given him time to think. The profits of the enterprise seemed so appallingly uncertain.

A tall dark man approached and nodded a greeting. He was John Billington, a fellow-colonist from London. He fenced about before coming to the point.

"Do you know," he finally ventured, "I am beginning to wonder whether we are on the right track. How did you come to join this plantation?"

"Because I have every confidence it is sound,"

said the burly man of affairs. He spoke with that large tone of assurance with which a heavy investor urges a small investor not to worry about the fluctuations of the market. "It stands to reason there is a big future for colonies in the New World. It is gold from the Spanish colonies that has raised prices and ruined business at home. We will be in on the ground floor to get our share of the new wealth."

"It does look good," rejoined Billington. He lowered his voice. "Or rather, it did. But what do you think of these people along with us from Holland? It looks to me as though we had got ourselves mixed up with a lot of religious cranks."

The Pilgrims have been presented to us as a little congregation of refined religious stalwarts, harried for their righteousness from Scrooby in England to Leyden in Holland, who then voyaged for their spotless souls to leave unstained what there they found, freedom to worship God in Plymouth, Mass.

Perhaps no other group has suffered so much from the pious frauds of the teleological historians. Intent on tracing the Hand of God throughout the settlement of New England, chroniclers have tried to hang the whole story on a plot so slender that the

worst hack librettist of musical comedy would hide his head for shame.

Admittedly the score has been better than the lyrics.

But as a matter of record, the Pilgrim band were a mixed lot. Two-thirds of them, like Mullens and Billington, were from London, with no recorded religious preoccupations and no connection whatsoever with the Leyden group. Only three of the Pilgrims can be traced to Scrooby. Elect of Leyden and unregenerate of London, all sought settled habitation over seas for the same very worthy and practical reason. Times were unsettled. It was difficult to lay up any certain store for their children.

The Leyden minority of the Pilgrims, indeed, were interested in prosperity for themselves and their children in the next world as well as this. Yet their chief diarist himself set the difficulty of making a living in Leyden first among the reasons for the migration to the New World. Another placed first the wish to remain English, and second the inability in Holland to give their children as good an education as they themselves had received.

The Pilgrims were practical people. They were no high and mighty conscientious objectors, willing to risk their happiness and their children's for an

abstract theory. They were simple homespun people, with the coarse lusty virtues of barnyard and mews about them. As to their refinement, they were solid English journeymen and farmer folk of the middle class, brothers and sisters of those who crowded Shakespeare's pit to roar their approval of the rollicking obscenities of Falstaff and nudge their neighbors' ribs as the mad Ophelia sang, "By Cock they are to blame." They were plain-spoken in the matter of spades. A later and more refined spirit has ripped out and destroyed a page wherein their Governor described in detail the growing sexual crime wave of 1642 at Plymouth.

But neither they nor their motives, virtues and foibles should detain us too long at this point. After all, the Pilgrims risked merely their lives, like any workers in any Rockefeller coal mine in Colorado to-day. The traditional story gives but the viewpoint of a religious minority among them. As though the glorious industrial history of Colorado were to be written from the meager diaries of a few religious agitators among the miners, instead of in the glowing rhetoric of Ivy Lee!

With our modern sympathies, the tale should not begin at all with the Pilgrims and their impulses, economic or religious, but rather with the London

confreres of Mullens and Weston who provided the capital, with those unsung heroes who put up £7,000 sterling (about $200,000 to-day) in good coin of the Realm in the practical business venture (as they thought) of planting a colony.

They were interested in dividends.

They lost their shirts.

It was the vague presentiment of this disaster that troubled Mullens as he stood talking to Billington. He knew Billington was worried, too, and he put on a bold front of optimism.

"I never bother about religion," he said a little hollowly. "It's bad business to talk religion. I've trucked with them all: Separatists, Puritans, Churchmen, Papists. These people with us seem all right; there are only a few of them, anyway. I don't care about their ideas. If we can't provide constructive leadership to run this plantation on business lines, we shall deserve what we get."

Mullens gestured toward Priscilla.

"She's my best reason," he confided. "I want my children to have security."

"That is just my chief worry," interposed Billington. "Children are impressionable. Did you hear what Priscilla said when she slipped to the deck? If the shipload of praying deacons on the

Speedwell are anything like the sample of them on this vessel, our children will be stuffed with all sorts of nonsense. They may grow up to be Separatists, Atheists, Communists . . ."

"I wouldn't worry. I don't know much what these people believe, and I don't care as long as they are industrious."

"But the Communism?"

"While the plantation is getting under way and paying off debts, our tools and profits will be held in common. That is only practical necessity."

"But that fellow Cushman claims Christ and his disciples were Communists, that that is the only Christian way to live . . ."

"Then he will get a surprise. I wouldn't bother. Theories always give way before facts. Here come some of the *Speedwell* group now. They are better colonists than we could have picked up on the streets of London. That will mean success. My only concern is a fair business profit."

"The Lord will make those to prosper who follow His Word," interposed one of the sectarians. He was tall, athletic and blond. Simpleness bubbled over in him, and clean living exuded from every pore.

Billington gave Mullens a sidelong glance that said "I told you so."

"Yes, Master Bradford," said Mullens, looking squarely at his interrupter. "I am sure He will, if we take good care of our own interests as we go along."

"Just what I wanted to talk to you about before the conference," chimed in Bradford. "Trust in the Lord and keep your powder dry. I think we colonists should present a united front against this man Weston. I don't see why we should give up our advantages. Now I know you have invested a great deal, but your main interest is as a colonist, is it not?"

"My main interest is in profit."

"Exactly. We start in complete agreement."

"But if this colony is to suceed, we will need more backing after we get to America, for tools, for supplies, for expansion. We won't be able to get it if we . . ."

"Couldn't we adjourn and discuss this over a cool glass of beer?" suggested Elder Brewster, another of the Leyden group. Every one laughed. The fame of Elder Brewster's thirst had spread already, even among the Londoners aboard the *Mayflower*. Elder Brewster had been second in command of the

congregation in Holland, and had been chosen to lead the flock into the New World, while Pastor Robinson remained to minister to those who were to stay behind.

The four disappeared over the side of the *Mayflower* in the direction of a tavern, while Elder Brewster elaborated to Billington a remarkable special Providence that had been vouchsafed him that morning.

"There was a spider in my porridge," he said. "But the Lord discovered it to me before I ate it. A remarkable Providence! A remarkable Providence!"

Theirs was an exciting, superstitious world. It was a capricious world, a world in which anything could happen, in which everything was related to the life of each individual. On the whole, a comforting belief, more comforting than its scattered vestiges that remain with us of knocking on wood and fearing to light three cigarettes from one match.

The eternal warfare between God and the devil was a personal adventure in which every one took part. The later outbreak of the witchcraft delusion in New England was a symptom of the general state of mind. The current belief in hexing in Pennsylvania and the acceptance by even intelligent persons

to-day of the slightly more refined doctrines of the influence of mind over matter are but two of the survivals in our own time of this touching faith of man that Great Powers are concerned with his individual fate.

The theory was that God spoke in metaphors, or even in puns (in one's own language, of course). When He made known His will by signs and portents, they were as figures of speech. Such were the dreams that Joseph interpreted—with canny gain to himself—for Pharaoh.

John Winthrop, Governor of Massachusetts Bay, gravely relates in his diary a combat between a mouse and a snake, in which the mouse prevailed, and as gravely appends the interpretation of the pastor of Boston, a very sincere, holy man: "That the snake was the devil; the mouse was a poor contemptible people, which God had brought hither, which should overcome Satan here, and dispossess him of his kingdom."

At another point Winthrop tells how, of a thousand books kept by his son in a granary, the mice ate only the Book of Common Prayer, miraculously sparing the Greek Testament and Psalms with which it was bound. In this first reported example of the Boston book censorship, which has since become

so famous, Winthrop makes it clear that he thinks the mice acted as divinely appointed agents of expurgation. Volumes might be written on the wisdom of God in preferring rodents.

Nor did Winthrop have any especial mouse fixation. He saw the Hand of God clearly writ in the most diverse phenomena, understanding all things (like the Gilbert and Sullivan hero), both animal and mineral. No accidents of flora or fauna were too petty to escape his interpretation in the light of heavenly intervention.

Priscilla sat moodily on deck. Her mind was filled with this sort of thing now. Everything that happened, or didn't happen, was amazing, pregnant with hidden meanings. Her world had suddenly become almost as unstable as that of the modern psychoanalyst. The godly Cushman had told her all about it on the voyage around from London.

Now she knew that from time immemorial God and Satan had battled for her soul, and for every human soul yet born or yet to be. In the shadow of that awful struggle, in the center of that mighty conflict, whose every course was ordered, whose every issue was fixed and immutable before time, she had lived every minute of her careless life. She had

never before known what it was about. Now she knew.

She had been carefree, a simple healthy English girl. Now her carefree days were over. Now she knew the terrible twin truths of God and man.

Priscilla was really no longer a little girl. She had suddenly become a woman. Dramatically the change had been ushered in during the voyage. Amid the strange prayers and terrible preachings aboard ship, she had come to face responsibility, and childhood was gone. In a flash she had understood the texts from the Bible. Furtively she had cried at the revelation, tears of shame and tears of fright. But in all the world there was no place to be alone. In every secret place she went, the accusing eyes of God penetrated.

She had slunk down into the bowels of the ship, to her father's cabin 'tween decks, and had looked into her mother's mirror. God had followed and stared over her shoulder. For this one little girl, for her own poor, miserable self, dark, buxom, and not over-beautiful, He had created Heaven and Hell and flung the world between. For her, for the trial and testing of her own personal life, He had planned every occurrence and event, sublime and ridiculous,

celestial and mundane, from the remotest cataclysm to the most immediate and trivial coincidence.

For her the Children of Israel had been spared from Egypt's toils, the Son of God crucified, and the majesty of Rome laid waste. Everything that had been, and everything yet to be, from the Great Plague to the beneficent destruction of the Armada and the latest rose that bloomed that hot day in Southampton, all were intended personally for Priscilla by the great God on High (who looked like a man) or the Evil One (who could, when he chose, look like God).

One could never be quite sure which, but it was all very personal, and very confusing to learn so suddenly.

She was the center about which this eternal conflict of the Powers raged; she and the little band of her humble fellow-passengers, and all the rest of the world, too. Her humble fellow-passengers had told her so. Priscilla looked up, and her wandering eye carried her thoughts with it.

Under the smoldering sun, bronzed sailors were busy tidying the cargo, covering the hatches and making them fast, hauling at the rigging, cutting down the shallop to stow it away between decks, lashing the long-boat forward on deck, building a

pen to house the goats during the passage, and stowing the captain's gig in the waist of the ship to accommodate the pigs. Everywhere was the bustle of activity and intended departure.

With such excitement, under such sunshine, a healthy buxom girl like Priscilla Mullens could not long feel sad. She stepped to the rail and found herself returning the smile of the white-capped water. Until two weeks ago she had never even seen the sea. A sense of adventure surged through her. Soon they would be under way, plowing, plowing through!

She climbed again to the poop deck, built out over the stern, and sighted down along the great ship, one of the largest merchantmen of her time.

The *Mayflower* was broad, presenting a blocky appearance to the eye, but Priscilla accepted this with the traditional British indifference. Her father had told her that the ship was not unshapely below the water line (subsequently proved by the return run from New England in thirty-one days) and Priscilla could not help repeating phrases she had heard, comparing the *Mayflower's* virtues to the flashiness of her consort, the *Speedwell.*

On the high deck above the forecastle, Priscilla saw her brother and a dozen children playing—her

fellow-passengers. They waved to her. She shouted in return and ran to join them in a shrill game of tag.

Below them, near the long-boat with its herd of goats, a cooper was at work. He was a handsome young fellow in an earnest, loutish sort of way, blond and blue-eyed, with the fine complexion that members of the working classes break out with now and then even to-day to belie the blandishments of the beauty advertisements. The Pilgrims had just hired him in Southampton to work for them for a year. He had come aboard the day before. His name was John Alden.

The reason Alden was taken aboard the *Mayflower* as a hired hand, and thus became a Pilgrim, was the thirst of the lusty first settlers for good old English beer. Parliament in its wisdom (evidently fearing a shortage of beer barrels) had enacted in 1543 that "Whosoever shall carry beer beyond sea" must give assurance to the officials of the port of clearance that the ship would bring back enough staves to replace the barrels, kilderkin and kegs in which it had taken the beer away. The Pilgrim Fathers anticipated this would require a year's labor by a specialist.

Now the children tired of playing tag and amused

themselves throwing chips of wood down at the industrious barrel maker. For a time he pretended not to notice. John Billington, Jr., leader in the mischief, then grew more bold. He picked a larger and more solid chunk, and flung it square to hit the cooper a stinging blow on the ear. Alden looked up in anger and saw the children. Priscilla stood out in front, laughing at him.

He seized a mallet and ran up the companionway after his tormentors, who meanwhile discreetly dropped down the other ladder with shouts of glee, scattered and disappeared.

Mullens, returning to the ship with Bradford and the others, saw his daughter as she ran laughing past. For a moment the look of seriousness lightened on his face. "I don't believe there is much the matter with her after all," he thought.

The *Mayflower* was thronged with passengers from the other ship who had come for the conference with Weston. The women mostly stayed apart. Mrs. Bradford boldly joined the group of men with her husband. A woman of some background and culture, her life in the cosmopolitan atmosphere of Holland, where women were free to an extent shocking in that day, had developed her interests and quickened her sympathies. She rather liked Mul-

lens. He looked so troubled she could not help wondering what it was all about.

At last Weston climbed aboard. The men packed into the main cabin and the conference began.

Mullens emerged early and sought his wife. He was disgusted.

"Worse than I thought," he said. "The short of it is that the praying deacons have refused the contract and carried the whole group with them. The literal-minded fools would rather stick to the letter of their deed, even if they starve themselves to death. Weston has washed his hands of us."

"Strange, they seem to be such fine people."

"Fine people!" he snapped. "Fine religious people. But they are so used to dealing with God that they have no idea of ordinary human business, man to man. No idea of live and let live. They can't understand that the way to make money is to let the other fellow make money, too. We need more capital, if we are not all going to die in the wilderness, and we just won't be able to get any.

"Weston explained all that. Cushman pleaded with them to accept the agreement he had made. But you should have heard the howl they set up. They treated Cushman as a pariah. Said he had exceeded his authority in making the new agree-

ment. He sniveled. They called Weston every name they could think of from the Bible, besides slave-driver and Shylock. Luckily most of the Bible names went over his head, but he finally got angry and left, told them they would have to stand on their own legs. He wouldn't even furnish the £100 we have to pay to get out of port. I can't blame him.

"Then what do you think the praying deacons did? Why, they prayed, of course. A lot of good that will do them once they are out in the woods. And they voted to sell threescore firkins of butter to pay the port charges. So we will start off short on one more provision. God knows when we will be able to start, anyway.

"The *Speedwell* is still leaking like a sieve, and is still being caulked. The sailors say she is much overmasted. So we will have to sit here indefinitely in this heat, watching our food reserves dwindle, as though it wasn't already late enough in the year to be setting out on such an expedition!"

"I am willing to drop out if you think best," said Mrs. Mullens. "We can take the loss and start life over again."

"Let's stick. It may turn out better than it seems. We at least will have the advantage of being on the

spot to look after our investment. They are going off without any contract at all with us trustful souls who put up the money. I feel safer being on the job, than letting them go off without me. Though I don't know what is to become of us."

The doors of the cabin burst open. Out streamed the prospective colonists, higgledy-piggledy, gleeful at the thought that they had made a bold and successful stand for their rights. Among them were farmers, wool-carders, a fustian-worker, a silk-worker, carpenters, a hatter, a brewer, a tailor, two retired merchants, a publisher, a soldier of fortune and miscellaneous journeymen. Never was there a more motley crew.

Nor need this distress us.

The important truth for us is that New England was populated with an upstanding race of sturdy yeomanry, as fine a stock as any eugenist could pick to spawn across the continent of his dreams, and build a culture four or five or six centuries hence.

It is not upon their ideas that their God placed His hand, if He attended at all, but upon their loins.

Their theories and manners have mattered so little, indeed, that the historians have been able to turn them inside out and upside down, bringing the Pilgrims left-handedly into fame on the back of a

myth so refined and delicately pleasing, that the good Pilgrim Fathers themselves would have split their ale-filled sides with rude, coarse laughter (God bless them!) could they have known.

Let us, before we turn this page, give a moment of silent thanks that our ancestors were chosen by the gods, not by the historians.

Chapter II: *Pilgrims' Progress*

THEIR loins heavy with the unborn generations of their descendants, the Pilgrims idled in their two ships, waiting for the day when they should be able to start.

It was hot. By and large, the Pilgrim loins were not any great consolation, considering the crowded conditions. The other natural functions of landsmen unfamiliar with the necessity of sanitation on shipboard were a menace.

The captains complained to the governors of each ship that the passengers were so noisome with their victuals and beastliness, as to endanger the general health. Order was taken, and four men appointed to keep each room clean for three days, and then four others to succeed them, and so forth.

For days after the abortive conference with Weston, the *Speedwell* continued to leak and continued to be searched and mended.

Weston had made sport of the efforts of the religious congregation to dabble in the shipping business, and the London group now began to wonder

whether his jibes had not been well aimed. They began to wonder, too, whether they had been wise in following the lead of the deacons and refusing to sign the contract, in cutting loose from Weston and their backers. They had plenty of time to wonder.

The heat of the August sun beat down on the decks, making the ships all but unlivable. The *Speedwell* still was being repaired, and still was not seaworthy. The Leyden Pilgrims searched their souls. Had they really been inspired by the Lord to insist on the letter of the bargain they had driven at first with the merchant adventurers?

The pound of flesh they had demanded began to weigh heavily. Now it was too late to turn back. All their worldly baggage was aboard, all their old ties had been severed, all their money was sunk in the enterprise. Weston had returned in anger to London. It was too late for conciliation.

The day after the conference, sixty firkins of butter were lowered from the *Mayflower* to be sold to pay the port charges so the vessels could clear, the £100 charges that Weston had declined to be responsible for when the Pilgrims insisted on carrying through their enterprise without any contract.

It was a sad lot of Pilgrims who lined up at the *Mayflower's* rail to see the butter go. When they

would ever see any more, they did not know. The *Mayflower* moved from the quay with a fair wind and dropped anchor. Still the *Speedwell* was being repaired.

The hardships of a vessel at sea have, at least, the balm of fate and necessity about them. The inconveniences of a crowded ship in port, in the hot summer sun of the muggy port of Southampton within sight of green shade trees and roomy houses, was maddening.

The *Mayflower* was about ninety feet from stem to stern, twenty-five feet in beam, hardly too big to be hauled to the deck of the *Leviathan* on the davits. Into this little ship, scarce longer than two street-cars, without sanitation, more than one hundred and thirty people were crowded on her famous voyage: one hundred and two passengers, the rest crew.

At most there were six or eight regular cabins, opening off the main cabin on the poop. A few temporary staterooms, like the Mullens', were thrown up between decks. Most of the passengers slept in improvised bunks and hammocks. So many lay in the Pilgrims' open boat where she was stowed away throughout the voyage, that it took weeks to repair her after arrival in the New World.

Time dragged on. The Pilgrims did not have the money to allow themselves the comfort of living ashore. Minutes laid themselves end to end. Eventually the *Speedwell* was ready. With many a sigh of relief and tear of foreboding, the vessels weighed anchor, dropped down Southampton Water, took their departure from Cowes, the Isle of Wight, and laid their course down the Solent to the Channel.

After five days of fair weather, the *Speedwell* hove to, again leaking badly. At a conference between the masters and the chief passengers, it was decided to put for Dartmouth, the nearest port.

The discontent of the rank and file grew apace, and rose to open, angry threats of desertion. By the time the vessels reached the harbor, the movement had grown to such proportions that Christopher Martin, governor of the *Mayflower,* ordered that none except the chief men be allowed ashore, for fear they would desert.

Necessity kept the company in line, even more than the governor's orders. The colonists had nowhere to go.

Martin, originally named treasurer-agent of the planter company to give the London majority of the Pilgrims representation in the management, had been elected governor of the larger ship in South-

ampton. His efficiency and organizing ability appear to have been a trifle below the standard of the late Judge Gary (though he is assumed to have had the help of God in these matters) and it was even suggested by unkind contemporaries that there was something awry with his accounts.

Cushman had wanted the job of governor, but was turned down and made assistant. He had been in disfavor with the colonists since he had agreed to Weston's new terms. He was piqued at the slight, and, being a tall, thin man, succumbed to his disposition to dyspepsia, losing food punctiliously despite the calmness of the sea.

He sulked in his cabin (he had taken to himself one of the fine cabins aft, beside the main saloon under the high poop deck) and issued forth only to criticize the actions of Governor Martin, to anticipate his orders and command the reverse whenever his gift for prophecy proved adequate, and generally to deplore the way in which the expedition was being managed.

There was plenty to criticize in Governor Martin, and plenty to deplore. Authority did not perch gracefully upon his shoulders. He meddled with the sailors in their work, and ordered them to do his menial tasks. With the passengers, over whom

he did have authority, he managed to bring himself into such disfavor that even Cushman found a ready ear.

At Dartmouth, Cushman was one of the few allowed ashore, Martin hoping secretly that he would take advantage of the opportunity to absent himself permanently. He spent the time on land, however, in writing letters to his friends, complaining of the mismanagement of the enterprise, detailing the incompetence of the Leyden brethren ("The *Speedwell* is open and leaky as a sieve," he wrote) and bemoaning the delays that had kept them until so late in the season.

While the *Mayflower* remained anchored in Dartmouth Harbor, the *Speedwell* moved to the quay, took out her lading, and was searched and mended.

More heat, more delay, more complaints.

The reader versed in the traditional story of the Pilgrims, which by the second paragraph at least presents the colonists bounding upon Plymouth Rock with a gay solemnity, while the *Mayflower* dimly watches through the mists from the right background, may well be wondering when this expedition is to get under way. His anxiety and his boredom at the delay are nothing to the distress and

consternation of the Pilgrims themselves at the turn of events.

After eight days, both ships were again ready and at anchor, awaiting good weather. Cushman, like a bad penny (for Governor Martin), had returned to the *Mayflower*. He was the only minister aboard either ship. The position gave him extraordinary freedom of speech, and, in the carefully chosen words of his texts and prayers, with a significant eye turned full on Governor Martin, he managed to express his personal feelings with annoying clarity and to instill the fear that a plantation really favored by God would not be beset by such extraneous and possibly fatal delays.

To understand the terror that this suggestion instilled, among the non-religious element as well as among the sectarians, involves something of the background of these simple folk of the middle class that was suddenly rising to power throughout Europe, and while the Pilgrims are forced to idle away their time by the interruptions of their journey, we may pause to recall the general situation.

The depreciation of money had resulted in a scrambling of classes similar to that which we of the post-war generation have seen with our own eyes. Of the struggle of the nouveaux middle

classes for political domination and social prestige, a struggle whose rear-guard action continues to the present day in the columns of your favorite newspaper, the Reformation and the Puritan Revolution were a part, as well as the settlement of New England. Protestantism translated into religion the ethical and economic aspirations of the middle class with which it triumphed. Thus it had possession of the good folk of that station in life long before they realized it, while many of them, indeed, were still battling valiantly against it. The Londoners aboard the *Mayflower* began to listen to Cushman in awe and trembling.

On September 2, sadly late in the season, the ships again weighed anchor. Cushman continued to flay the Pilgrims for the pound of flesh they had exacted from their backers by refusing the contract. He told them the loose board which had forced the *Speedwell* to return was the judgment of God against men of hard hearts. He prophesied more evil to come. His dyspepsia progressed apace.

When the *Mayflower* and her consort had made 100 leagues from Land's End with a fair wind, the *Speedwell* once more signaled and again hove to, leaking dangerously. Cushman momentarily forgot his stomach troubles, to come on deck and shake his

head as the master and carpenter of the *Mayflower* were lowered over the side for another conference aboard the *Speedwell.*

The Pilgrims were desperate.

Cushman gloated. Some historians have been so forthright as to call him a hypocrite, and perhaps the reader has found him so. The designation is applied rather freely in these callous days to our New England ancestors, because of their canny eye for pleasure, profit and vindication in the pursuit of virtue.

Yet in their day religion was no mere cloak that could be put on or taken off according to whim. Religion was a practical working explanation of every-day events, the only natural history and cosmology available to the masses. There was no question whether or not to believe. Such a question was as unthinkable and immaterial as it would be for us to ask whether a man believed in the law of gravity.

For centuries the world had been dealing with God through its broker, the Church. Now the faith of many people in the integrity of the broker had been undermined. People suddenly were forced to play the market of righteousness on their own. Something like a spiritual panic arose.

Naturally the inexperienced spiritual investors

followed with slavish literalness the guide-book, the only guide that remained once confidence in the broker was shaken, the Bible, the personal word of God.

They attempted to follow the recipe as slavishly as the new bride follows every word of her cook-book, not knowing what is essential and where the short-cuts may lie, what may be taken with or without a grain of salt.

They attempted to follow the directions of the Book as earnestly as a novice Boy Scout heeds every admonition on How to Make a Fire with Wet Wood. They may have been piteous failures (their God may judge as well as we), but at least they were as incapable of hypocrisy in the matter as the bride with her flat biscuits or the Scout with his unlikely kindling, now double-wet with tears.

Hypocrisy is the invention of a later and more sophisticated age. People to-day could not think the Puritans to have been hypocrites, except that they impute deliberate choice in realms of thought and action where the Puritan saw no choice at all but to follow the Word.

If in such obedience the Puritans found pleasure and profit, that was just what they had counted on. There was nothing cynical in the matter. They

prayed for profit, openly and unashamed. Their reliance on God was practical.

If Puritan New Englanders, in following the example of the fecund Old Testament patriarchs, found ample outlet for their lusts, if according to the precedent of the wars of Canaan they exterminated and enslaved the heathen Indians to their profit, this was not accomplished with a smirk, but with the full blare of the trumpets of righteousness. A real faith in the Jehovah of the Old Testament explains many things which strike us to-day as shocking cruelties and callousness.

Much of Puritan intolerance, their hard vision of black and white, of right and wrong, much of their self-confidence and fatuity, proceed from that child-like faith. Literalness and cruelty are qualities of youth.

At the conference aboard the *Speedwell,* the Pilgrims decided to bear for Plymouth, the nearest English port. In two days they were at anchor in the catwater. The general clamor at the delays grew, until the Leyden brethren, after prayer and soul-searching, agreed that the Hand of God must have momentarily lapsed while they bought and remodeled the *Speedwell.*

The Pilgrims' sieve was sent back to London, her cargo of Holland cheese and schnapps and most of her passengers having been transferred to the already overloaded *Mayflower*. Cushman, and a score of others, the weakest, the weakest-hearted, and those able to afford dropping out, were freed of their obligations and allowed to return home by the *Speedwell*.

Thus, when the *Mayflower* finally set forth on her eventful voyage, no minister was carried to guide the destinies of the flock that is ordinarily represented as so pious. In fact, except for a brief visit from Cushman, they were well satisfied without a pastor for years.

Meanwhile, the chief of those who had been on the *Speedwell* made themselves at home aboard the *Mayflower*. New quarters were assigned amid the edifying display of jealousies proper to the occasion. (There were eighteen married women aboard, with their husbands, and a keen human sense of social precedence.)

With shouts of acclamation, Martin was deposed by a general vote, and Deacon Carver, who had been governor of the *Speedwell,* elected in his stead.

Carver, a rotund and nearly bald gentleman of sixty, was a wealthy retired merchant as well as

an honored deacon of the Leyden congregation, and so represented both factions. His devotion to religion had been broadened by worldly success. It was mere deference to his wife that had led him years before to join the Leyden church.

Simple Puritan tastes had so little effect upon Governor Carver that, even with the *Mayflower* packed to the gunwales as she was, and dangerously overloaded, he took along six servants and all their trappings to care for himself and his wife: one companion, one steward-servant, a serving man and a serving boy, a maid and a bound boy.

"Thank God that sniveling Cushman has left," said Mullens to his wife. "No good could ever come of him. It was he who put those ideas into Priscilla's head. The other members of the Leyden congregation are not like him, I am sure. I like this Deacon Carver. He is the kind of man who does not let religion interfere with living. We will have a chance to know them all better now."

The optimistic Mr. Mullens had scarce finished his speech when the opportunity came. Elder William Brewster, with the formality of a brief knock, opened the cabin door and ushered himself in. He smiled benignly and stood with his feet precisely clicked together, rubbing his hands.

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"A party of us are going ashore to visit some friends of Master Bradford, some fellow-church-members," he said. "I hope we shall have the pleasure of your company."

"Delighted," said Mullens.

Brewster turned toward Mrs. Mullens and bowed low.

"I trust we may have the honor of seeing you, too, and the little ones?"

Mrs. Mullens looked questioningly at her husband.

"We would all be very pleased," he said. "But there are four of us. I fear the skiff will be crowded."

"Not at all. Plenty of room. You will all be most welcome. I am bringing my whole family."

Indeed, as the event proved, Elder Brewster was bringing his whole family, his wife and two small sons. Bradford, who had organized the party, had not expected them or Mrs. Mullens with her two children. The skiff was not only overcrowded; at every swell it shipped water.

Elder Brewster was the sort of man who could take six people uninvited anywhere and never notice it. He presented that charming combination of a man fussy about details and equally vague about them. The fussiness had been accentuated by the

years he spent in the petty routine of being postmaster at Scrooby. The vagueness had not been lessened by years of serious application to good Dutch beer.

Elder Brewster was a man of potent spiritual parts. He was to be shepherd of the Pilgrim flock in the New World.

He had entered the University at Leyden as soon as he could after his arrival in that city, and had freely availed himself of the two chief perquisites of university membership: immunity from arrest by the civil authorities and a monthly allowance of one hundred and twenty gallons of beer.

The immunity from arrest had protected him when the long arm of King James had reached across the North Sea in an attempt to punish Brewster for Puritan tracts published at his little printing shop.

The second perquisite had been a more constant bulwark. One hundred and twenty gallons of beer each month. Four gallons a day. Thirty-two steins of heady Holland beer provided each day by Alma Mater for each student of theology.

The authorities of the famous seat of Protestant learning in their wisdom further furnished about ten gallons of wine every three months per scholar. Scarcely a pint a day, yet, by saving it frugally for

important occasions, the students managed to worry along.

Brewster was a type that has received all too little attention in song and story—the thin beer drinker. He was not even thin. He was skinny. Pious, jovial, and skinny. Jovial with the thick humorless joviality that is the soul of beer. Now at fifty-four he was tall, bronzed, and nearly bald, with a halo of silver-white hair.

It was Elder Brewster's cheerful inattention to details that enabled him to overlook what would seem to us to be obvious relations of cause and effect, and to attribute every occurrence, no matter how trivial and unworthy of divine attention, to special Providence.

That the skiff was overloaded, was his own fault. That there was a bucket for bailing, was due to the forethought of some sailor.

Yet when the boat shipped water, Elder Brewster looked upon it as an attempt of the Evil One to drown this handful of the lambs of God. And when he reached down and found the bucket with which to bail, he observed it as a special Providence.

He observed as much—and with great and fervent frequency—until his vivid picture of this battle between God and Satan, of which the little bobbing

skiff was the center, threw his seven-year-old son, Love Brewster, into a state of terror and reduced his younger boy, Wrestling Brewster, to tears.

Mrs. Brewster took them in her arms and tried to comfort them, Priscilla caught the little fellow's eye and attempted to smile reassuringly. She, too, felt the drama of this great conflict of the Powers, and was excited to be its object; but she thought it shameful to frighten a mere child with celestial concerns.

Mullens could see that the skiff was in no danger, even though he was but a landsman. When they set forth, he had been annoyed with Brewster for having laid upon him the embarrassment of bringing the family along uninvited. Now, as Brewster fussed and puttered with the bucket and fumed at the Powers of Darkness in every wave, his anger melted away before his amusement. He found he could not help liking Brewster, in an odd way. He looked about the skiff for some sympathetic eye to share his enjoyment.

Bradford, the host, remained stolid and earnest. He sat gravely nodding his amens to Elder Brewster's words. Surely, Mullens thought, the reaction of Deacon Carver, the retired man of affairs, would be different. Indeed, Deacon Carver was different.

He apparently had no reaction at all, but sat impassive, taking no notice of what was going on.

Deacon Carver had practiced a studied inattention for so many years in Leyden, surrounded by the religious enthusiasts, that he himself had forgotten it had ever been studied. The habit had brought him great reputation and acclaim among the brethren as a man of distinguished spirituality.

Mullens was puzzled. The smile left his face. He began to wonder what sort of group this was.

Young Edward Winslow, seated opposite, had watched this progress of moods with a sympathetic twinkle in his eye. Now he leaned close to Mullens.

"You haven't seen the half," he whispered. "Wait until the afternoon is out. Wait until the voyage is over. Elder Brewster is really our museum piece."

Mullens yielded to an explosive chuckle of relief, then blushed as all eyes were turned his way. When it was prudent, Winslow again moved close.

"Cheer up," said Winslow. "Virginia is a large place. We won't all be cooped so close together after we have settled. Until then, let us pray."

The skiff reached the quay. Brewster bounded to shore and knelt, half in prayer, half to help the other passengers to land. Some birds were flying

overhead. The former postmaster of Scrooby gazed up at them with a beatific smile beneath his silver halo.

"Doves," he said. "Doves. The Lord has sent them in sign of our prosperous outcome. As the God of our Fathers sent the questing dove to Noah from Mount Ararat to discover . . ."

"Those are not doves, Father," piped up little Love Brewster.

"Hush, my child," warned Mrs. Brewster sternly, dragging him away by the arm. "Your father is giving prophecy."

"But they are sea-gulls," insisted Love Brewster.

"Sea-dulls," chimed in Wrestling, mimicking his big brother's words.

Elder Brewster, with eye single to his prophecy, took no notice of the irreverence of his offspring. He continued to gaze upward at the birds, oblivious of everything. He threw his hands in ecstasy to heaven, calling for a sign that the prophecy would be fulfilled.

Mullens and Winslow smiled and watched with fascination.

"Indeed it is strange," said Brewster, returning their smile. "Indeed it is strange, the humble means the Lord will use, his wonders to perform. And yet,

are we not ourselves the humble refuse of our Lord, whom He has appointed to fertilize Virginia?"

Of all perversions of truth, surely none is so brazen as the common inference that our Fathers were as reticent about matters of anatomy and functions as the late Queen.

The first New Englanders were lusty folk of the time of Shakespeare, with the habit of drawing inspiration and illustration, even in their most pious moments, from quite homely details of life. Even a generation later, when Beacon Hill was known as Mount Whoredom in the Boston that since has come to be thought of as so refined, one of the most edifying and earnest of the popular works on theology was a treatise by Dr. Sibb, entitled *Bowels Opened: Or a Discovery of the Union of Christ and the Church.*

Samuel Sewall, famous chief justice of Massachusetts, carried the book while a-courting, mentioning it in his diary as it was more familiarly known: "About 6. a-clock I go to Madame Winthrop's . . . having Dr. Sibb's Bowels with me to read." At an earlier date his diary reveals that his "bowels yearn towards Mrs. Denison," whom he had first noticed at her husband's funeral.

"I was once emptying the Cistern of Nature and making Water at the Wall," wrote the refined Cotton Mather. "At the same Time, there came a Dog who did so too, before me. Thought I: 'What mean and vile Things are the Children of Men in this mortal State! How much do our natural Necessities abase us, and place us in some regard on the same Level with the very Dogs!'

"My thought proceeded. 'Yett I will be a more noble Creature; and at the very Time when my natural Necessities debase me into the condition of the Beast, my spirit shall (I say, at that very Time!) rise and soar, and fly up towards the employment of the Angel.'

"Accordingly, I resolved that it should be my ordinary Practice, whenever I step to answer the one or other Necessity of Nature, to make it an Opportunity of shaping in my Mind some holy, noble divine Thought; usually by way of occasional Reflection on some sensible Object which I either then have before me, or have lately had so . . .

"Be sure the loathsome and filthy Nature of Sin, and the Method of Deliverance from it, must make an Article in some Thousands of Thoughts on these occasions."

Nor were bowels an especial preoccupation of

the Puritans. The Rev. John Cotton, eminent Puritan divine and grandfather of Cotton Mather, entitled an uplifting work: *Milk for Boston Babes, Out of the Breasts of Both Testaments.*

With such an approach to theology, it would not be difficult to imagine their approach to humor. There is no need. The humor of Shakespeare gives a perfect picture of the vulgarity that set the pit a-roaring and the box office agog.

Since scientific sales-talks and dealer-helps have made us plumbing-conscious, to say nothing of halitosis, bromidosis, and their train, we sometimes thoughtlessly endow our ancestors with these modern preoccupations. We do them an injustice.

As to silent plumbing and scented paper to match the soap, the Pilgrims would have been more amazed that any one wanted them, than astonished that they had been achieved. To these, to the imperious telephone and to the ubiquitous radio, we may safely assume they would, for all their faults, have presented one hundred per cent. sales resistance.

Unmindful of these possibilities, the Pilgrim procession on shore moved along, with Bradford leading the way, and Priscilla following, carrying Wrestling Brewster in her arms. It seemed to her

that he had been well named. Mullens, Winslow and Elder Brewster brought up the rear.

"Let us stop for a beer," continued Brewster. "Just one cool glass. The others must go slowly. We can catch up. Ale is one of the greatest gifts of God's love, and we as Christians should avail ourselves of it freely. It is a powerful aid to prophecy."

Mullens smiled to himself as he accepted the invitation. Now, he thought, the mystery of the purchase of the *Speedwell* was explained.

At the home of Bradford's friends, new and painful surprises were in store. Plymouth had a large and conspicuous congregation of Separatists. Living, as the members of this congregation did, among the jeers and jibes of their neighbors, they had grown hard and somewhat strident, with the fervor that those who conceive themselves persecuted often develop. The persecution they most feared and most dramatized in their prayers was that of the ecclesiastical authorities. The persecution they really felt and that was effective upon them was the social contempt of their fellow-townsmen. Under this lash they had already developed some of the narrowness and harshness that we generally associate with the New England Puritanism of later years.

The Pilgrims had escaped this reaction by living

in Holland, where complete toleration was practiced, social and spiritual, as well as legal. This, and the extraordinary character of Robinson, their pastor, are responsible for the comparative sweetness of spirit that distinguishes the Leyden leaders so pleasantly from the later arrivals in New England. Friends and enemies alike testify to the gentleness and Christian tolerance of Robinson.

In that day it took more than foresight and temperance, it took positive genius, for a pastor to tell his congregation (as Robinson told the departing Pilgrims in his final sermon) "to follow him no farther than he followed Christ," warning them not to become fixed in their ideas, as new truth was being constantly revealed, and pointing out that "Protestants living in the countries of Papists commonly plead for toleration of religion; so do Papists that live where Protestants bear sway: though few of either, specially of the clergy, as they are called, would have the other tolerated where the world goes on their side."

Robinson, along with Elder Brewster, had been a theological student at Leyden University, and the mellowing influence of its perquisites had not been lost on him. John Milton, a thinker of another stamp, and of a younger generation, insisted that

in the Bible God had revealed all true religion with strictest command to reject all other traditions or additions whatsoever. Milton never had experienced the leaven of Leyden. His spirit eventually prevailed among the Puritans.

New England might possibly have worn a different face if Robinson had lived to guide the Pilgrim sectarians in the new climate, in their new experience of complete untrammeled power.

But one of the reasons the Pilgrim sectarians left Holland was to escape this growing sweetness of temper that was overcoming them in the effete atmosphere of complete toleration. They felt the Dutch decidedly lax in this matter, and did not want their children brought up amid such looseness, free to choose whatever creed they wished, without prejudice, instead of being confined to the Faith of their Fathers.

Years later, even Winslow gave as one of the reasons for leaving Leyden, "how little good we did or were like to do to the Dutch in reforming the Sabbath."

Now in Plymouth in Old England the chief men of the Separatist congregation had gathered to welcome the Pilgrims and bid them Godspeed. To Mullens it was amusing to watch how even Carver

and Winslow stiffened to conform to the more rigorous ideas of these brethren.

Ideas spread in the world by a kind of contagion, gathering impetus, seemingly like an epidemic of disease, from the speed with which they pass from person to person, until they are irresistible, until no man exposed can escape, no matter what his conviction, no matter whether he fights or succumbs.

A modern example is the very recent spread of the idea that there is no such place as a physical hell. It was not oratory that sapped the belief in hell; people simply discontinued their subscriptions without writing letters to the Editor.

In the time of the Pilgrims, as in our own, great new discoveries had been made. There had been Columbus and Cabot, of course, and all that glorious crew. Yet they were the least.

The great thing was that the middle classes had learned to read.

The innovation was looked upon as hopefully as we now look upon the universal college education as a panacea. Nay, more. It was looked upon as we look upon the great and really new discoveries of our own time, upon airplanes and rapid travel, upon electric egg beaters and painless housework, upon the installment-plan radio and its train of universal cul-

ture and wisdom for all, for the ultimate glory and emancipation of mankind.

What did they read? They read the Bible. It was a revelation.

For us the rigors of the Bible have been tempered by generations of interpretation and explaining away. For them no such service had been performed. When they spoke of Christ's union with the Church they meant it, with a crude literalness that would shock the present-day Fundamentalist of Dayton, Tenn. They accepted the Bible even more literally than William Cardinal O'Connell, dean of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States, who recently, true to the tradition of his church that forced Galileo to deny the earth's movement, set forth a blast against the "ghastly apparition of atheism" in the Einstein theory. They read to good purpose.

When the beautiful body of Anne Boleyn lay between Henry VIII and his fealty to the Pope, England was already half Protestant. By the early 1600's, a majority of the country gentlemen and the wealthy merchants in the towns had stampeded into the Puritan fold.

The Puritans intended to stay in the Church and achieve power through "boring from within" tac-

tics, as we are told Communists are doing in the American Federation of Labor to-day. Other reformers, called Separatists, or Brownists, withdrew from the Church altogether. In the early days Separatists and Puritans hated each other cordially. Later, under pressure of circumstances, the Puritans slid to the Separatist point of view (of which Churchmen had always accused them) and the two groups merged.

In the year that Priscilla Mullens was born, a congregation of Brownists was formed at Scrooby under the leadership of Postmaster Brewster and Minister Robinson. This was the nucleus of the group which is traditionally thought of as the Pilgrims, but which, as we have seen, was but a small minority.

As Robinson pointed out, Puritans and Separatists, like Calvin from whom they both took their doctrines, asserted their right to worship in their own way, not through any devotion to the abstract principle of liberty of conscience (which they abhorred), but because they knew they had the only true idea of God. Mullens was shocked by the ratio of heat to light in the conversation of the local congregation. He was between amusement and dis-

may at the way his Leyden fellow-colonists accepted it all.

Protestantism was not intentionally allied with liberalism. It was the multiplication of bigoted orthodoxies that in the end made it impracticable to enforce orthodoxy at all, and, to the general regret of the clergy of all creeds, ushered religious liberty into the world.

Calvin's Geneva despotism scourged dissenters as vigorously as the Church itself, and he burned the scientist Michael Servetus with a disregard of legal form that even the Holy Inquisition did not countenance.

His followers in Massachusetts, especially in the later years when the theocracy was losing its grip, were not far behind. But at no time did they make any pretense of tolerance.

It is idle, it is ridiculous to say as an excuse for their shortcomings (as has been said) that they were of their time. To go further and present them (as they have been presented) as educated or cultured or eminent intellectual men of their time, is to do them a cruel injustice, for it enforces comparison with such contemporaries as Shakespeare, Bacon, and Galileo.

It is kinder and more fair to them to admit the

simple truth, to see them on the whole as the humble people they were, with the smell of the soil still about them, nouveaux riches and nouveaux intellectuals of the middle class that was still on the make, still agog with the possibilities of this new-found wonderful ability to read, which their grandsires had not had, striving with fearful earnestness and honesty to fulfill the responsibilities of the leadership of society which their economic power was thrusting upon them, for which they were not yet culturally prepared.

Mullens, as he smiled at Winslow's and Carver's acceptance of the theological assumptions of the Plymouth congregation, could not see how his own mind, too, was gradually shaping in the new mold. Now, he was amused and surprised, especially at young Winslow's change of front. He was especially enlightened to learn that the local congregation seemed to assume that this enterprise had been undertaken as a religious plantation, not a business affair, and that the Leyden leaders did not say them nay.

He was embarrassed to hear himself called a Pilgrim, and to be treated as a brother in the faith. It was the first he had heard the word Pilgrim applied to any one in this enterprise, and he felt the

discomfort of sailing under false colors. He tried once to set matters right, but only found himself involved the more deeply, his disclaimer being accepted as the finest sort of Christian humility. For fear of embarrassing Bradford and his hosts if he insisted further, Mullens let the matter drop.

He was relieved when the party at last broke up and they all started for the ship. A further surprise was in store for him.

Born and bred in Dorking-in-Surrey, a town where people lived in disregard of the religious convictions of their neighbors, and to a great extent managed to mind their own business, Mullens had not had contact with religious hatreds.

Now as the group emerged from the home of the local brethren, great crowds of urchins gathered to trail after, shouting names and throwing stones.

To these insults the brethren replied in kind, hurling the word "Papist" as a hissing invective against those who dubbed them Anarchists, Communists, Brownists and other names, not so polite.

The procession approached the quay. Longshoremen joined in the fracas, until it reached a riot. Mullens at first was amazed and troubled, attempt-

ing to ignore the whole affair in a well-bred way. He planned to talk to Winslow at the first opportunity to find out what was the basis for these invectives.

Eventually he was forced to join in the row to protect himself and his family. Persecution had begun by forcing that solidarity among the opposition for which it is justly famous. Mullens battled so valiantly that he even forgot his original feeling that the local congregation had mainly itself to blame. He did not forget, however, to be amazed that these same longshoremen, who had complacently and respectfully let them pass ashore, now were so active in their taunts because they returned in the company of the Separatists.

Finally they regained the skiff. The Plymouth congregation beat a retreat, and the longshoremen lined the quay, shouting good riddance to both. A longshoreman reached down to the road and hurled a rock at the departing boat.

"I cherish your enmity, you worshipers of the Golden Calf!" shouted Brewster with gestures of triumph. "I cherish your enmity as a symbol of the enmity of the Golden Calf!"

Aboard the *Mayflower,* a short irritable figure paced back and forth on deck. He held his head

stiff and high, as short men are wont to do to take advantage of their stature.

He moved and spoke with a testy explosiveness. This impressed some of his associates to believe him a two-fisted, strong-blooded fellow of passionate, quick emotions, while in others it evoked a smile.

He was sensitive to imagined slights. Four more inches in height would have changed his whole personality.

Pacing jerkily back and forth along the deck, Miles Standish had watched the row on shore with a spluttering anger that gave him inner satisfaction. He had not been invited on the party, and he felt hurt. He was only a very recent member of the Leyden congregation, so that he might not have minded, except that Winslow and Mullens had gone. Winslow was only a recent member, too, and Mullens no member at all. But Winslow was a man of family. And Mullens a man of means. It was rumored he had invested more than £500 in this plantation.

"Phut!" muttered Standish to himself. "Money. Position. What are they? What are they beside action?"

Thus his pride welled up in his anger as he watched the difficulties of the party on shore, and

he welcomed them aboard with more indignation against their tormentors than they themselves could muster, blustering forth what he would have done under such circumstances. He was particularly annoyed with Winslow and Mullens, who seemed to find the situation so unaccountably comic. Only Bradford gave him serious attention.

Others came up and stood by, egging Standish on to bluster for their merriment. Rose Standish, the wife, gazed upon the captain with unalloyed pride and admiration. She was a Manx woman, but a soldier's bride withal. Rose was quite pretty, in a pinkish, fattish way, and clinging; with small and not too discriminating ears, perfect receptacles for a soldier's tales of prowess.

Bradford's comments were so earnest that for a time the others thought him the slyest of them all in prodding Standish to add to the general gayety. Then they realized he meant it. The beautiful Dorothy Bradford, who had come on deck to welcome the party back, was mortified. She stepped forward. In despair she spoke up to extricate her husband.

"It seems to me there must have been some more Christian way, as well as some less vulgar way, than to have a common street brawl," she said.

"Of course there was," piped up Priscilla. "If those Plymouth people had just not paid any attention when the little children started. It was just little children, at first, Mrs. Bradford . . ."

Priscilla was drowned out by a howl of denial, loudest of all from her father, who was at pains to explain to her later that, just because something is obvious, is one of the best reasons for thinking twice before saying it.

Priscilla, abashed and dejected, lowered her glance, but for a moment Dorothy Bradford caught her eye and gave her a full smile of sympathy and approval. Priscilla then and there decided that this was the most wonderful, as well as the most beautiful, woman in the world. Straightway she sealed her worship by going down to her mother's mirror in the cabin 'tween decks and trying to put up her hair like Mrs. Bradford's.

A new zest for life seized her. Now, she knew, she had a confidante who could explain those eternal mysteries of God and Satan and sin that had been troubling her. Now she had a companion of the heart who would understand. Mrs. Bradford must be very wise. After all, she was married, and she was all of twenty-three.

Chapter III: *The Epic Voyage*

On September 16, desperately late, the *Mayflower* finally set sail. The destination was between the Hudson River and the Delaware, the northern limit of the territory controlled by the Virginia Company, from whom the Pilgrims held their patent.

The Separatist congregation of Plymouth huddled together on the quay to cheer the Pilgrims lustily. The longshoremen and wharf-rats joined with the others of the citizenry who chanced to be about in bellowing forth jeers of good-riddance that quite drowned out the applause.

The *Mayflower* slipped away. To the Pilgrims, as they stood on deck, straining for each last glimpse of their homeland, the sounds from shore mingled as they grew fainter, until at last they seemed to echo up to heaven in single-hearted acclaim.

So also, as the years have receded, the same pure and undifferentiated note of acclaim has rung through the pages of history. Thomas Carlyle, dour historian and Sage of Chelsea, elegantly sums up

the sentiment in a dithyramb with only one misstatement in fifty words, almost a record for Carlyle:

"Hail to thee, poor little ship May Flower—of Delft-Haven—poor, common-looking ship, hired by common charter-party for coined dollars,—caulked with mere oakum and tar, provisioned with vulgarest biscuit and bacon,—yet what ship Argo or miraculous epic ship built by the sea gods, was other than a foolish bumbarge by comparison!"

Without comforting bombast, the poor worried Pilgrims set forth on that voyage for which half of them were to lay down their lives.

They knew they were going so late in the year as to turn an already foolhardy undertaking into almost certain suicide. The loss of a precious six weeks had been caused by the unseaworthiness of the ship bought and remodeled by the religious contingent in Holland (with the merchant adventurers' money). They knew their obstinacy in sailing without any contract made it doubtful if they would get further aid after they were settled.

Most went because there was no other course. They had uprooted themselves at home, and had sunk all their wealth in the enterprise.

It was now or never. They had no comforting notion that they were to go down in history as

The Pilgrims. They knew only that they were the people they were: Mullens, the successful business man; Bradford, the corduroy maker who had not made much of a go of it in Holland; Brewster, the impecunious publisher of Puritan tracts; William White, the wool-worker; Degory Priest, the hatter; John Jenny, the brewer; and so forth.

They did not have the exhilaration of thinking they were making history. Other plantations already had been successful (they thought) or they would not have risked so much. They had none of the self-consciousness which sustains adventurers in our own day and makes their every hardship and every naïveté justly suspect in the public eye by the Midas touch of the publicity agent.

They crossed the ocean as simply as a former air mail pilot has since returned over the same path, to capture a money prize, and perquisites. Neither the Pilgrims nor Lindbergh could realize in advance how far the perquisites would mount beyond the money prize in the eyes of men. The famous letters of introduction that the young man took to Paris were no more beside the point and no more disregarded than the documents the Pilgrims wrote to explain themselves. Both they and We, in the first place, were favored by unpredictably good luck to

achieve their goal. Both have become the subject of elaborate myths.

All the Pilgrims knew as they set forth was that they were seventy-three males of various occupation, status and age, and twenty-nine females, including eighteen married women (three with child), setting out to better their chances in life, and all like to die in the attempt.

In a fine gale the *Mayflower* made all sail, and before four days were out, with many prayers of thankfulness, she was once more as far from Land's End as she had been when the *Speedwell's* latest leak had forced return.

Throughout the month and until the vessel was half across the seas, a prosperous wind gave encouragement, and fine warm weather made the crowded ship habitable by permitting the use of her decks.

One clear night Priscilla stole to the vessel's prow and climbed to the topmost deck where she could feel the clean wind blow through her hair. From above, the harvest moon beamed down on her.

Below in the darkness she could see the great black panthers from the bows swim outward into nothingness. The swell lashed and sprayed soothingly against the ship's strong sides. The wind was

fresh, and the gentle rolling pleased her. She settled herself to talk with God and plead forgiveness for her flesh. Somehow she did not feel her uncleanness so fearfully any more. She had the comfort of knowing she was like the beautiful Mrs. Bradford. Mr. Bradford had told her so. Even God, she thought, must think Mrs. Bradford lovely.

She heard hurried footsteps. Mrs. Bradford came up and stopped, startled when she saw Priscilla. Then she recognized her.

"I didn't expect to see any one here," she said with truth.

Priscilla thought she caught the glint of tears in her eyes, but perhaps it was the wind. Dorothy Bradford gave a deep reflective smile, then sat down, too. There was a long silence.

"Some day I wish you would tell me, Mrs. Bradford . . ."

"Call me Dorothy, dear."

"Some day I wish you would tell me, what is marriage really like?"

Dorothy looked over with her quiet smile. No, Priscilla thought, it had just been the wind.

"It is mostly what you make it," Dorothy said cheerily, after a pause. She had come from an argument with her husband, a bitter struggle over

an intimate matter, a disagreement that for her seemed the climax of more than seven years of incompatible married life with this man whom she had come to see as an intolerably stolid, stupid, gauche, cow-like Christian.

"I mean—is it nice?"

"It can be lovely, dear. It can be beautiful," Dorothy said. She had come in the night alone to the prow of the ship with her teeth clenched and a dark and terrible determination in her heart.

"Do you think it is sinful to love a man? I think I would like to love a man," said Priscilla.

Dorothy's loving smile was her answer. She took Priscilla's hand in hers.

"It can be as beautiful as Christ's love for the Church," she said.

"How soon can I marry?"

"I married when I was just sixteen."

"I would like to marry the same age you did. That means I will have to wait a year and two weeks."

Dorothy, in spite of herself, couldn't help smiling.

"If another ship doesn't come to Virginia by that time," continued Priscilla, "I suppose I will marry some one on this ship."

"I suppose you will," assented Dorothy, and

gradually she was drawn out on the questions of sin, Satan and God, which she expounded with such gay humanity that Priscilla finally packed off to bed, really happy and unworried for the first time since the day she sailed from London.

Left alone and no longer afraid of herself, Dorothy felt the cool wind in her hair and watched the black water below. She laughed at herself outright. Her own chatter had ensnared her in sweetness and light. Her sense of fairness to a child on the threshold of life had robbed her of her own fine mood of desperation.

In the days that followed she herself found a new zest. In that congregation in Leyden she had forgotten what pleasure it could be to be human. Now she began to notice things that had escaped her. She pointed them out to Priscilla, her constant companion.

Despite the fine weather, half the passengers were seasick, to the great disgust of the sailors, whose work was not made more pleasant thereby. Day by day the passengers grew in religious fervor. Dorothy could not but note with a smile how the extremities of seasickness were aiding the cause of God.

Seasickness, for all its harmlessness, manages to

produce in its victims a dramatic desperation that is not among the symptoms of other maladies more likely to be mortal. It enforces a posture and a habit of agonized calling upon the Deity not unlike that of the most fervent prayer.

The passengers had little opportunity for recreation. There was not much space for them to move about, let alone to amuse themselves. No games were possible. The only attention paid them in this regard was that a rope was strung fore and aft. According to the custom of the day, they were lined up and goaded to hang on it for exercise, on the theory that it would help their seasickness. A fascinating sport, to which the passengers doubtless responded as enthusiastically as to lifeboat drill on modern liners.

The sailors were busy enough with other affairs. They despised the passengers, both as useless landlubbers and as religious cranks.

Sharp lookout was maintained for hostile vessels, French, Spaniards and Dunkirkers. The armament carried on the *Mayflower,* the space and attention it needed, seriously cut down the already tiny deck room available to the mere passengers.

Several heavy guns were mounted amidships on the spar deck, with lighter ordnance astern and a

piece of longer range and larger caliber on the forecastle. Besides the ordinary armament such a vessel would carry, the *Mayflower* had the cannon the Pilgrims were shipping for their own use on land. These were mounted for action. Nor were such precautions unwarranted. A year later the ship *Fortune,* after bringing reinforcements of fifty souls to the young Plymouth colony, was overhauled by a French cruiser on her return to England with a £500 cargo of beaver skins and choice wood for wainscoting (the first installment of the sum due the merchant adventurers) and robbed of everything of value, including the records of the plantation. *Speedwell, Fortune* and *Mayflower;* the Pilgrims must have pondered during the long New England winter evenings, with what odd aptitude their vessels were named.

Thus, apart from the hazards of sea, the *Mayflower* voyage had all the tension of a war-time cruise. Every sail on the horizon was an excitement, an adventure, a peril. Decks were cleared for action, and landsmen ordered below into the hold of the ship that was leaky and wet.

Cooking, meager enough in fair weather (the only cook the ship carried served officers and crew only), was out of the question when any sea was

running. Passengers and crew alike, lying like sardines in their wet bunks, one hundred and thirty souls packed into the ship the length of two street cars, without sanitation, had nothing to soothe their agonized and retching stomachs but such fare as biscuits and cheese, and such tasty titbits as the following, uncooked and cold: haberdine (dried salt cod), herring, ham, bacon and neat's tongue dried, preserved and potted meats, cold mush, oatmeal and pease puddings, raw cabbage and onions.

Let the modern passenger who lies disconsolate in his dry warm stateroom on a stable trans-Atlantic liner (ocean greyhound) and waves away the white-coated steward with the milk toast, give a moment of concentration to the sea food of his forebears. He may be cured by the exercise. Sailingmen to this day recommend fat salt pork to get seasickness over once and for all. The mere thought of it should suffice the modern stomach.

Our present universal use of tea and coffee was unknown in Pilgrim times. Ale was still "the lodestone by which the Englishman steered his course." In fact, a century later, when tea was introduced in Salem and Boston (and was not yet over-plentiful, even in England), the custom was to boil it until bitter, drink it plain without milk or sweeten-

ing, and serve the leaves for greens, with butter and salt.

Small wonder that the theocracy of the time railed against the fashionable innovation as a damned weed, a rank poison far-fetched and dear-bought, and a base exotic.

The Pilgrims, however, were innocent of this beverage, aversion to which was so soon to become a cornerstone of our patriotic faith, through the fame it achieved at the party that touched off our Revolution.

Their mainstay on sea, as on land, was beer. Though they were potent in potting it, beer was cold comfort to seasick stomachs. Even Elder Brewster, with a thirst second to none, cultivated by years of imbibing the best, found it difficult to keep up his usual ration.

Strong waters (Holland gin and to a lesser extent brandy) were indulged in freely to keep warm and keep the weather out.

Food was distributed uncooked each day to each family by the assistants to the governor. The families prepared it as best they could, with the help of their servants, if any, and womenfolk, like steerage passengers of the day before yesterday.

The ship's cook had an open hearth-box filled with

sand and a tripod kettle, which could be moved about in fair weather according to convenience, and could even be placed on deck. A bake kettle and frying pan completed the equipment, which was loaned to passengers and their servants when not otherwise in use for the crew. In good weather great quantities of mush and pease porridge were cooked up ahead. When the sea ran at all high, the open fire could not be used, as it endangered the ship. The captain, like the meanest serving-boy, ate his victuals cold, and liked it, if he could.

Even in good weather, the one thing in bountiful supply aboard the *Mayflower* was misery. The boredom was worse. Surely the Pilgrims, could they have known, would have felt better to realize with Carlyle, that beside the *Mayflower,* all ships —Argos and miraculous epic ships built by the sea gods—were naught but foolish bumbarges by comparison. In fact, a bumbarge itself, with its load of fresh supplies, would have looked elegant to the harried passengers of the *Mayflower.*

The Leyden group held meetings of prayer more often than had been their wont. The London contingent, for want of anything else to occupy their minds, largely attended. Thus the vocabulary, and through it the spirit of the religious enthusiasts, was

dinned into their minds. When, in the throes of illness, they called upon their God, it was naturally into these formulæ that their thoughts and their words ran.

Surrounded by the Leyden influence, cut off from all other, even the practical Mr. Mullens began repeating phrases and thinking things he would have dubbed nonsense a month before. Even the urbane Winslow was reaching a pitch of fervor hitherto foreign to his nature. Dorothy Bradford watched with interest. To her it seemed as though every day's sail from the homeland brought a new loss of perspective, of grip on reality.

There was another factor that contributed to the increase of godliness. The weather had been uniformly fine, but the mariners were not unworried. They feared that such forebearance of the equinoctial storms forecast a greater violence when they should burst forth. Mingled with the prayers of thankfulness that the voyage had been thus far so prosperous, was a gnawing fear that the weather was too good to be true, too good to last.

Under the circumstances, herded together with a common fear and a common fate, it was only natural that the whole shipload should cleave more and more closely to the Leyden group, which offered

a positive faith, which presented a concrete panacea for all ills.

Elder Brewster was already beginning to obtain for his eternal special Providences a better hearing among the passengers at large than he had ever had, even among the brethren in Leyden, when an incident occurred that filled the whole ship with fervor and terror.

Among the sailors who plagued the passengers for their illness, one lusty able-bodied seaman stood out above the rest for the persistence and the vehemence of his execrations. He was a proud and profane young man, as well as a heavy drinker, and he made free to taunt the passengers, telling them how little their kneeling in prayer would avail if a storm really struck, and tormenting them, when they were lowest with illness, with the hope that the half of them would die and be cast overboard before the journey was over, detailing how he would make merry with their possessions.

Reproved by the officers and warned by agonized passengers that his impiety would bring the curse of God upon himself and upon the ship, he only roared his blasphemies the more loudly. Even the other sailors began to fear he might bring them all to a bad end. The Leyden group called openly to their

God to rid them of the evil man. The whole ship heard, waiting in awe for the outcome of this cosmic test of strength.

After a particularly bawdy night of carousing with cheap Holland gin, the sailor was so objectionable that the captain threw him into irons and deprived him of all spirits until he should learn to acquit himself better.

Suddenly cut off from liquor, he grew desperately ill, with convulsions and pink elephants, finally dying in great violence. While the whole ship gathered around in awe, the body was sewn into a weighted sack, lowered over the side on a plank, and dropped into the sea. Thus the profane one himself was the first to be thrown overboard.

Passengers and crew alike were keyed to a great pitch of excitement at this answer to the Pilgrims' prayers. Horny-handed sailormen joined with the rest to kneel in homage to the majesty of God.

Astonishment and awe filled the hearts of all and cast out doubt.

Before any aboard could fully recover equilibrium, a haze appeared on the horizon near the setting sun. The captain spoke to the mate. Orders barked forth. The sailors clambered through the rigging, manned the ropes, taking in sail. The wind

freshened. By nightfall the ship was pitching and tossing on a choppy sea. By morning she was riding out a heavy storm. For weeks the storm continued, shaking the ship shrewdly, until her upper works were made leaky, until passengers and crew alike were kept continuously wet.

For days the wind was so fierce the ship could not bear an inch of sail, but was forced to hull and drift. Unable to take observations by the cross-staff, the captain could calculate his position only by the blindest of dead reckoning. Under the circumstances God was the only agency in which one could place much faith.

Confusion and disorder reigned below as the ship shook, pitched and tossed. Even some of the sailors were sick. The monitors appointed to keep the quarters clean no longer could attend to their tasks. The three women with child were in an agony of apprehension. Everywhere was such filth that a general outbreak of disease was feared. The sights and smells were enough to turn the stomach, even of a man who was well.

In due respect to Elder Brewster's stomach and its training, it must be recorded that it resumed its poise quicker than most. Nor did the Elder himself

long lack his usual cheer or long divert his attention from the field of special Providences.

Once, while the ship was being tossed fearfully, with the awful sensation of being picked up and set down again with a spank in the water, Brewster in pious fervor sought out Mullens. The business man was lying alone in his cabin, prostrate upon the bunk, pale as his sheet, groaning in extremis.

Brewster smile unctuously, knelt, and began to pray for Mullens. Then as now, and world without end, there was no form of solicitude quite so tender and quite so unbearable as the elemental patronizing solicitude of the man whose stomach behaves for the man who is seasick. Before that sense of superiority, the haughtiness of the religious believer toward the inelect pales to insignificance. In Brewster the combination was stupendous.

He ceased to pray, seated himself comfortably upon the other bunk, whipped out a knife, cut himself a healthy slice of raw fat ham, and ate it nonchalantly while giving Mullens excellent and gay advice upon matters of physical as well as spiritual health.

The sight threw Mullens into new and impotent convulsions, until he writhed upon the bunk, defense-

less, in abject terror. The ship whipped up and fell once more.

Brewster laid down the remnant of ham. Moving toward Mullens' bunk, with every earnest desire to be helpful in a Christian way, he again knelt and prayed, exhorting the business man to more righteous ways of life, praying God to give his soul peace if he should perish in this storm.

At the mention of the word death, Mullens was paralyzed, speechless. He felt already more of the other world than of this.

Suddenly Brewster reached out and touched his hand.

"Brother," shrieked the Elder above the groaning of the ship. "Brother, you are cold. You are already cold. But it is not too late. Embrace the faith and all will be healed!

"Last night I had a dream. I dreamt of you, Mullens. A terrible dream. I saw you, just as real as you are here now, stretched out in a winding sheet, pale as you are now. I touched you. You were cold. Cold, as you are now."

Mullens forced himself to sit up, staring bleakly. He pointed to the door to get Brewster to go.

"And then of a sudden you sat up," said Brewster. "You pointed and stared. Yes, just like that.

God be praised. This is too terrifying. A special Providence. It was not too late for you to accept God's grace. It is not too late."

Brewster stretched forth his arms, first toward Heaven, then toward his subject.

"Brother," he said, "embrace the true church. Come to my arms and say you believe. It is not too late . . ."

Mullens, with an onrush of ideas that had not been in his head since he had been a schoolboy, suddenly recovered his speech.

"Leave me alone," he said. "I'd rather die . . ."

The ship dropped with a resounding crash that seemed louder than all the others together. It sounded like the crack of doom, shivering the timbers of all eternity. Then in awful silence the ship lay still, trembling, trembling, quiet and still in the trough of the wave.

"Quick, Brother, quick," whispered Brewster. "There is yet time. Say you believe."

"I believe, I believe," moaned Mullens. "Leave me now. Let me die in peace. Have you no pity?"

By this time there arose a great roar of moans and prayers outside, mingled with the shouts and footfalls of the mariners, desperately busy with the

more practical business of learning what damage had been done.

One of the main beams amidships had buckled and cracked at the impact. The ship's carpenter seized a great iron screw a passenger had brought from Holland and raised the beam temporarily to place, against the next shock of the waves. A hurried conference was called.

Passengers were strewn everywhere, kneeling, interfering with the sailors in their work.

The chiefs of the company, seeing the sailors fear the insufficiency of the ship (by their mutterings), entered into serious consultation with the master and other officers to consider of the danger in time. On the question of whether to return to England, there was a difference of opinion among the sailors themselves, they wanting to do what they could for their wages' sake, being half seas over.

The master determined that the ship was still firm under water. As for the buckling of the beam, the carpenter said a post put under it, set in the lower deck and bound, would hold it firm. The captain therefore ordered him to hurry with the repair, and to caulk the decks and upper works as well as possible. The ship proceeded on her way, though the storm raged many days.

During a brief lull in the wind, a passenger ventured up on deck for a breath of air. With a sudden toss of the ship, he lost his footing and was thrown overboard. Floundering about blindly in the sea he caught hold of the topsail halliards which hung over the side and ran out at length. He hung on, struggling against the waves, and raised a great shout.

Sailors came to his assistance and he was finally hauled aboard with a boat hook, gasping from the salt water he had swallowed and ill from the cold, but otherwise sound. The passengers prayed and gave their praises to God for so ordering it that the halliards had been within his grasp.

Despite the crowding and the lack of sanitation, the only passenger to die on the voyage was William Butten, a young servant to Samuel Fuller, who has been dubbed by romantic tradition "the Pilgrims' doctor." Like the profane sailor, Butten was sewed up in a weighted canvas sack and dropped overboard without ceremony. The Leyden Pilgrims did not believe in prayers or mourning for the dead.

As the weather moderated, Mrs. Elizabeth Hopkins was forced to her bed in labor, and her groans rent the air. Mrs. Susanna White and goodwife Allerton completed the trio of women *enceinte*

throughout the *Mayflower* voyage. In ruggedness and complaisance toward the natural functions, the Pilgrim Fathers are indeed without compeers among their descendants.

Yet in that day an *accouchement* was not regarded with any special trepidation. Life and death were cheap and considered in any event to be in the hands of God. A physician was no more called in for a delivery then, than a veterinary is held in attendance on an ordinary cow to-day unless something goes wrong.

Rather less so. For two hundred years it was not proper or delicate to admit a man during a child-birth. The feeling was reënforced by the appalling death-rate among women confined by doctors, who for long knew nothing of sanitation and would blithely function at the delivery with their hands unwashed and grimy from the dissection of the dead.

Midwives were safer, and were the common rule until the nineteenth century. Even the relatively recent squalling bit of royalty that is remembered as the dear Queen Victoria was brought into the world by a midwife.

Aboard the *Mayflower,* however, there were no midwives. The other women performed the func-

tion. Perhaps the substitution was no great loss, for all women who had had children were versed in the midwives' lore of the day, ranging all the way from recommending powdered deer antlers or ivory or the excrement of geese for sterility, to smearing the excrement of doves upon the abdomen in cases of delayed labor and placing a sword which had murdered some one in bed with the mother to prevent infection, or an upturned ax under the bed to stop bleeding.

What was more important, women who had had children were also familiar with midwives' practice, consisting of a little common sense, much watchful waiting, and a great deal of hocus-pocus. By this system many who might have been our ancestors were undoubtedly lost. Who is there, standing in the subway at rush hour to-day, who can deny that here, at least, the Hand of God was at work?

A eulogy of a departed wife, penned by a soulful widower a century after the *Mayflower* voyage, gives a fair picture of the early New England attitude toward childbirth, and the state of the feminist movement:

"She always went through the difficulties of childbearing with a remarkable steadfastness, faith, patience and decency. Indeed, she would sometimes

say to me that bearing, tending, and burying children was hard work, and that she had done a great deal of it for one of her age (she had six children, whereof she buried four, and died in the 24th year of her age), yet would say it was the work she was made for, and what God in His providence had called her to, and she could freely do it all for Him."

In this spirit Mrs. Hopkins bore her son. He was christened Oceanus.

Soon the sea grew more calm. The passengers again could come on deck. Excitement and tension grew; they must be near land. For days eyes strained to pierce the fog. At the bow Priscilla stood and watched to catch the first glimpse. Suddenly a shout arose amidships. In a second, the whole ship had gathered. A land bird perched on a halliard. Land was indeed near. Eyes strained the harder, but night fell. Next morning a vague low streak stood outlined in the fog for all to see. A mighty cheer welled up to heaven and silence fell. Land, land was in sight. It was Cape Cod.

The chief passengers deliberated with the master of the ship, and she was nosed southward, wind and weather being fair, to seek some place near the Hudson River, within the limits of their patent.

Within half a day the ship fell among dangerous

shoals and roaring breakers, and was so far entangled that the sailors thought her to be in great danger, the wind dying upon them. It was resolved to bear up again for the Cape, and all thought themselves happy to arrive before nightfall.

On November 21, after a voyage of more than two months, they anchored near the present site of Provincetown. Passengers and crew alike fell upon their knees and blessed God for their delivery from the perils and miseries of the ocean.

It was indeed late in the season to begin a settlement in a cold and unfriendly country.

Writing years later in a burst of lyrical memory, Bradford exhorts his readers to "stand half amazed at this poor people's present condition. Being thus passed the vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before in their preparation (as may be remembered), they had now no friends to welcome them, nor inns to entertain or refresh their weatherbeaten bodies. . . . What could they see but a hideous and desolate wilderness, full of wild beasts and wild men? And what multitudes there might be of them they knew not. Neither could they, as it were, go up to the top of Pisgah, to view from this wilderness a more goodly country to feed their hops. . . ."

Good old Bradford! Even in the roseate view of

after years, he could not keep his mind off hops, and the scarcity of beer that seemed to him the greatest physical privation of the Pilgrims during their first winter.

The Bible, in speaking of Pisgah, from whose heights Balaam and Moses saw the Promised Land of Israel, makes no mention at all of hops. Bradford adds the dash of them to portray touchingly how bitter was the Pilgrims' plight.

"For summer being done," he continues, "all things stand upon them with a weatherbeaten face; and the whole country, full of woods and thickets, represented a wild and savage hue."

Chapter IV: *All in Writing*

THE first worries of the Pilgrims in the New World were not over the control of nature, or the elements, but over the control of themselves.

It was marvelous to see how the return of fair weather and healthy appetites brought a general reduction in piety.

The first night the *Mayflower* lay in quiet water, after giving up her attempt to reach the Hudson River, was observed by all hands after their fashion with impromptu rejoicing. Feasting and drinking lasted until long after dark, and the night was made royally hideous.

The captain's dinner aboard ocean liners the last night out is our formalized survival of the ancient custom of giving heroic thanks for release from the perils of the sea. When the dangers were more real than to-day, the celebration was proportionately more whole-hearted. Drinking was the main feature, as it remains now.

Suddenly released from their terror, the less responsible spirits of the London contingent openly

declared they would not submit to any more of this Leyden nonsense when they were established on land.

Old Billington, who had been dubbed Ould Woodsman by his fellow-passengers because he boasted so ostentatiously about his rough-and-ready ability as a camper and his general familiarity with the Outdoor Life, was a ringleader in the dissension.

Little knots of serious drinkers gathered around him to egg him on and cheer as he drunkenly asserted his sterling abilities and counseled them just to follow him and everything would be all right. The sport of goading Ould Woodsman to new absurdities was beginning to bore the participants, when Bradford hove within hearing and injected a note of novelty.

More serious and literal-minded than ever under the influence, Bradford thought he had discovered a full-blown mutiny. He attacked it with characteristic straightforwardness, to the delight of the onlookers.

Bradford took aside those of the hilarious ones whom he thought most amenable, and pleaded for unity and righteousness. With great gravity they urged him to exhort Ould Woodsman himself, which he presently did, amid great whoops of glee.

The drinking and the merrymaking continued. The crowd gathered close about Bradford as he reproached Ould Woodsman with backsliding as soon as the perils of the ocean were past. They cheered to the echo each ribald boasting blasphemy with which Ould Woodsman retorted.

Bradford, worried and bewildered, sought out the worthies of Leyden with the refrain that Something Must be Done. Brewster, whose soul was quite mellow by that hour, did not take the matter very seriously at first. Eventually he was persuaded to accompany Bradford on his rounds.

They found young Winslow, his wife and Dorothy Bradford, standing by themselves near the after-rail, on the high poop deck. The arrival of Bradford and Brewster, out of breath, obviously interrupted a conversation.

All three listened politely to the recital of the dire uprising. Winslow was embarrassed. He could see Dorothy Bradford in tears. They had been listening to the foolery, and had been laughing over it, Dorothy a little bitterly, but with a brave show of good humor.

Winslow wished, for her sake, that there was some way of taking an utterly high-minded person aside and telling him not to be an utter fool. All

he could think to do, however, was to agree with Bradford on all points and at the same time attempt to restore his peace of mind as much as possible. Now Bradford himself noticed his wife was crying, and mistaking the import of her tears, reassured her that with God on their side everything would come out all right. He hurried off to find more adherents.

"I can't stand this," said Dorothy when they were alone. "I can't stand this." The three stood in silence.

The night was beautiful and cool. Beneath the stars, the wooded dunes of Massachusetts unfolded in invitation to adventure. The gay sounds of revelry on the lower deck came as from another world.

For a time the three stood without a word, breathing the clean air, thinking of days that were gone and days to come. With brotherly affection Winslow put an arm around Dorothy as well as around his wife as they sat close together, united. Dorothy smiled at him thankfully.

"Edward," she said at last, "how did you happen to get mixed up in this menagerie?"

"Elizabeth and I have often wondered the same about you."

"I was too young to know any better when I went to Leyden. You know, there is an age when all young people take themselves seriously. Some grow up."

"We joined in Leyden three years ago because we thought going to the New World would be an interesting adventure and a profitable one," said Elizabeth Winslow. "We were a little simple-minded at that age, too. We had no idea it would take the worthy brethren as long as this to get going."

"Then you have what you want at last. Much joy to you. Do you know, I have a grudge against Edward, here."

"To wit?"

"You knocked out the underpinning from my faith in human nature. On the voyage over here, you got as simple-minded as every one else. Yes, you did. I could see it happen, day by day. And when the storm really broke, you were worse than even Mullens, or little Priscilla. Really, for a man of your background . . ."

Winslow looked a little sheepish. "A bad stomach is no respecter of persons," he said, "and may account for odd humors."

"Well, be careful what you eat after we get

ashore," laughed Dorothy. The conversation drifted to serious prospects of pioneering.

Elizabeth Winslow remarked on how difficult it was going to be to keep up any cultural life among these people, far from the influences of civilization, preoccupied mainly with the physical struggle for existence. Edward thought the constant contact with unspoiled nature and the united fight to maintain life might bring out men's sweeter and more generous nature.

"Oh, bother!" said Dorothy. "You had a fair sample on the voyage of your own waning perspective. How could nature be more unspoiled than those seas? You have a fair sample to-night of your vaunted unity. With enough years of the sweet and simple life, we will all be as sweet and simple as any. Cheer up. The worst is yet to come."

Meanwhile on deck Bradford went about his way. His most really whole-hearted recruit was the doughty Miles Standish, who spluttered loud and proposed action, "Immediate action, sir, action."

Another was Stephen Hopkins, the father of little Oceanus. He had "been abroad" before, and he doled out information and advice to the other passengers with that unctuous omniscience that we find on shipboard to-day, when a man who has been in

Paris gives addresses to a bevy of tourists clustered around.

Billington, the Ould Woodsman, had not accepted the information with the respect, nor the advice with the humility, that Hopkins thought was his due as an old experienced traveler. The two had been in open feud throughout the voyage, with Hopkins trying to ignore the slights, deploring merely Billington's regrettable irreligion.

Men everywhere were arguing wildly. To a generation of prohibition Americans who have come to blame all the vagaries of drinking upon bad bootleg gin, it may seem odd that much the same disintegration of the party can be achieved by about the same quantity of good Hollands. Fists clenched and knuckles gleamed in the course of the seemingly most casual discussions. All hands were itching for a brawl.

A general mix-up was averted only by the prompt action of the captain, to whom such situations were not exactly new. He proceeded by suppressing Miles Standish, which seemingly did not tax his powers in the least. Others subsided promptly thereafter.

Next morning every one was about bright and early, but Bradford before any. He had not been

to bed at all. He had spent the night in poring over papers, copying forms, laboriously drafting a compact for all the freemen of the new colony to sign to assure law and order and make it perfectly legal to put down mutinies.

Proudly with the first light of day he bore the document to Governor Carver. Hopkins went with him. Carver blinked his sleepy eyes and then suppressed a smile, as the memory of the events of the night before hazily drifted back to him. He scanned the paper over and over, stealing a sidelong glance now and then at Bradford to make sure whether he really could be in earnest.

There seemed to be no doubt that Bradford was in earnest. Carver protested he saw no purpose in the document. He pointed out that there was no legality in their settling in this region, anyway. The patent they had received was from the Virginia Company, which did not control territory anywhere near. They would be mere squatters, and no amount of hocus-pocus could give any government they might set up any legality or any force, except as it earned the obedience of the colonists and the respect of the world.

Bradford felt mortally wounded by the Governor's attitude. Carver talked further to try to

soften the blow. They were joined by Brewster, Standish and others of the more literal-minded among the Leyden worthies, who upheld Bradford staunchly, urging that some piece of writing was necessary to give them peace of mind, even though it might mean nothing and might not be enforceable.

Carver reminded the group that they would have to petition the newly formed Council for the Affairs of New England for permission to settle. While they lay in Southampton, shortly after the departure of Weston, they had heard of the issue of the King's warrant for the organization of the Council, under the leadership of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, Military Governor of Plymouth. During their stay at the latter port, Carver himself had seen Gorges, who was intensely interested in the New World and would undoubtedly raise no objections to their colonizing within the territory of his company's grant.

"However," concluded the Governor, "our prosperity depends upon the unity and willing coöperation of all the members of the colony. The mere circulation of this compact might arouse the resentment and ill-will of those who were only jesting last night. In all deference to you, Bradford, since this affair seems to have grown to be so serious, you were having your leg pulled."

Bradford was silenced. Others clamored strenuously that somehow the supremacy of the Leyden group must be maintained. Carver rebuked them, pointing out that they formed but a third of the colonists, that the others had entered in good faith, and asserting that, as long as he was in authority, every man would receive equal consideration.

But in the end it seemed it would be easier to secure harmony by getting the many of the London contingent to agree to the compact than by getting the few of the Leyden brethren to drop it. After all, it was perfectly harmless, and meaningless, Carver thought. He insisted, however, that he circulate it himself, since he had not been involved in the rancor.

Carver was accustomed to capitulation in the cause of peace. He signed the document with a flourish. By a stroke of tactful genius, he secured the signature of Ould Woodsman next. He secured the signatures of all the responsible freemen, forty-one persons.

The only protest came from Winslow, who scanned the document and then looked in a puzzled way at Carver.

"Governor," he asked, "I don't mind a bit, but since when have you become the handmaid of Bradford?"

"How did you know he wrote it?"

"I note the eagerness of his signature, Deacon. And I know full well that neither you nor Ould Woodsman, whose names stand above his, are by nature Pharisees."

Thus there came about the compact of the Pilgrims, upon which later historians have expended so many tons of ink and for which they have sacrificed so many acres of pulp-producing forest.

Despite that it begins, "In the name of God, amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign lord, King James . . ." it has been touted as the first constitution ever adopted for the government of a free people, forerunner of all the free institutions that have appeared in the world since.

Despite that the original was soon lost, it has been held (against all the probabilities and without any corroborating evidence) to prove that all the Pilgrims could write! Alas, for our pride and family trees, if the yellow document, covered with "X, his mark," were to turn up now!

Other tons of ink and acres of forest have been expended by the historians upon the reasons for the Pilgrims' coming to New England at all, outside the limits of their Virginia patent. They had planned

to settle between the Hudson and the Delaware.

Thousands of learned pages have been written to prove that the Dutch, fearing the might of the Pilgrims (there were just one hundred and two of them, counting women and children), conspired with Skipper Jones of the *Mayflower* to keep the settlers as far as possible away from the site of New Netherland. Equally lengthy and learned pages have demonstrated that the Dutch conspired with Skipper Jones to get the Pilgrims on the banks of the Hudson, in which nefarious purpose they were thwarted. Still others have stoutly maintained that Skipper Jones was in league with Sir Ferdinando Gorges, and that the latter wanted the sturdy Pilgrim stock for the New England territory controlled by his company.

Poor Skipper Jones, accused on all hands of duplicity toward the godly! It seems the idea that a mariner, tossed by storms, unable for weeks to take observations even with his crude instruments, could simply lose his way, is too simple for words. Historians, like other writers, are paid by the word.

Another speculation in this regard appears to have escaped the analytical historians. Considering the influence of latitude and climate on the character of a people, how different might the pages of history

have been if the Fathers had missed their goal by as far to the south as they did to the north?

An idle speculation, perhaps, but scarcely as idle as the rhetoric that has been unloosed about the sacred Compact. Yet, in a manner different than that to which the historians attest, that Compact was of interest.

Indeed, though it had little to do with free institutions, and was nowhere near the first constitution ever adopted, if it might be called one at all, this first corporate instrument of the Pilgrims in the New World does betray the faith of the Fathers in legalisms, which has come down undimmed to our own day.

It was natural that men who denied validity to the human living tradition of the Church in favor of the fixed word of the Bible, would at the earliest opportunity seek to formularize their own relations by written documentation. It is perhaps fitting that their descendants, despite all evidence of the senses, have solemnly continued their touching faith that whatever is written is fixed and immutable.

Three centuries of critical exegesis, interpreting and explaining away the Bible, have not served to shake that faith. The United States Supreme Court, interpreting away the Constitution over nearly half

that period, has left that naïf belief intact. Even though British liberties have remained under an unwritten constitution while under our vaunted written guarantee ours have been notably subject to the vapors, most Americans—even the most enlightened Americans—somehow take comfort in the knowledge that that document exists.

By general acclamation Carver was confirmed as Governor.

"There ought to be a law . . ." began Bradford, coining a phrase that was to echo and reëcho among those bleak New England hills and westward to the unknown sea forever more.

"We can look after that later, if necessary," interrupted Carver, who was beginning to weary of the business. "We don't need laws. We need the utmost coöperation of every one, and I know we will have it."

With another master stroke of tact, Carver appointed the offended Bradford historian of the colony and keeper of its documents. He delivered over the Compact.

"Splendid," said Bradford. "Just the thing for my files. I have been keeping letters and everything else I could get hold of. Now what was that you just said? I want to get it right for my diary."

PART TWO

Onward, Christian Soldiers

Chapter V: *The Classic Landing*

IT was not until a month had gone by that the site of New Plymouth was found. Atremble as the reader must be to arrive at this consummation of blessed memory in the life of our Republic (from which he is sure will spring full blown some evidences of the efficient single-mindedness with which the Fathers are traditionally endowed), the higher purposes of history require that he be forced to bridle his impatience for the time, even as were the Fathers themselves, before participating in that event which has become famous in song and story as "The Landing of the Pilgrims."

Among the modern conveniences which give our reader the most notable advantage over his ancestors, however, is the comparatively simple device whereby he may avoid the delay by turning immediately to page 135. Though he is hereby warned that he will thus miss much that is of more interest than the Landing itself, as well as some that is only so-so.

The day the Pilgrims signed the Compact, they

sent fifteen men ashore to fetch wood, which they now lacked, and to explore the land.

At night the party returned; having found neither person nor habitation. The boat was piled high with juniper, which smelled very sweet and strong. As long as the *Mayflower* lay at anchor, juniper was burned to relieve the noisome smells that were intolerable now the wind had died away.

After a Sunday of inaction, the Pilgrims unshipped their shallop and drew it ashore. The people landed to refresh themselves. Though the only water available was salt and icy cold, this was the first real opportunity in two months that any of them had had to wash. Many took advantage of it.

The group which bathed did so amid the headshakings and forebodings of those who did not, who warned they would catch their death of cold. Some did. So did some of the prophets.

Children splashed about happily, and tormented their mothers by straying into the woods. Every one was glad to set foot on land once more. Ould Billington, who was not of the group interested in bathing, proceeded at once to demonstrate his prowess at making a fire with wet wood. The women folk chatted together, voicing their relief and their fears in the same breath. Mullens, Winslow and

Bradford helped as best they could with the shallop.

The job of repairing her turned out to be more laborious than was expected. It had been hoped to have her ready in five or six days at the most, but she was so sprung and leaky from being slept in, that weeks passed before she could be made sound.

Meanwhile Bradford, Hopkins, Standish and other irrepressible spirits chafed at the delay. Despite the counsel of the graver men, they set out to reconnoiter by land. They could carry few provisions and progressed but painfully.

After two days they returned safe, very excited, but with little progress to report toward finding a place for settlement. They had seen five or six Indians, and had found cleared ground, where Indians formerly planted corn. They had found a bow and arrows in a grave, and put them back, feeling it would be odious to ransack their sepulchers.

On their very next expedition, the Pilgrim Fathers lost this extreme sensitiveness, digging up the bones and head of a baby and also a little bow, and some other odd knacks. They took sundry of the prettiest things away, and carried as much corn as they could from an underground storehouse, though Bradford records their resolution to satisfy the owners of it if they chanced upon them. Ever inquisitive, he in-

vestigated the workings of an Indian deer trap, and it took four men half an hour to get him out.

But the most momentous event of the first scouting party, in the light of later history, was the first drink they took of New England water. Luckily, Bradford recorded the exact day and hour of the happening, as befitted such a novelty.

Safe back aboard the *Mayflower,* he wrote how, on the morning of November 26, the party was sore athirst, "for we brought neither beer nor water with us, and our victuals was only biscuit and Holland cheese, and a little bottle of aquavite. About ten o'clock we came into a deep valley . . . and found springs of fresh water, of which we were heartily glad, and sat us down and drank our first New England water with as much delight as ever we drank drink in all our lives."

Though Bradford's first blush of enthusiasm for New England water did not long outlast the time it took to make the entry in his notebook, November 26 would be a day to substitute for July 4 when the national holidays are reformed and brought into line with national policy.

The first explorations and later work of settlement were carried out with that eager seriousness

without which no group can sustain a spirit of high adventure. The hardihood and fortitude of the Pilgrim Fathers, which we have heard from the cradle, indeed have hardly been exaggerated.

What is not emphasized in the school texts, is that the worst terrors the Pilgrims faced and surmounted were imaginary and arose from their own superstitious notion of the world. The first winter was one of the warmest ever known in New England. The weather's clemency was, indeed, so striking that historians greater than I have attributed the lack of snow to the direct intervention of God. They have never been at pains to indicate why this personal God, a very busy person, took the trouble to change the climate of a whole continent rather than stop a few leaks in the *Speedwell* or remedy the inefficiency of the enterprise, which would have served as well by getting the Fathers started in better season.

A second notable Providence was a plague that had recently decimated the Indians of the region. The survivors thought it punishment for killing a white man and were afraid to attack.

The food problem was not great. Unless there was the grossest of mismanagement, the *Mayflower* carried food to last until the first harvest. Death

soon reduced by half the number of mouths to be fed. The Pilgrims were able to steal, cajole and buy grain from the Indians. Game, fish and shellfish were plentiful.

The part of the nursery story which details Pilgrim fortitude in the face of hunger, therefore, assumes they were witless and without resource. They were neither. They fed quite well. Bradford's most touching tale of privation that first winter, as has been related, concerns the scarcity of beer.

The worst terror was the fear of the Unknown. Priscilla's eyes were large as saucers, and her timid step spoke a delicious dread when she first set foot in this land which she knew was under the especial domination of Satan. She tried not to appear afraid that day when they all went ashore to wash, but she took care to keep close to her mother.

The reasoning behind this especial fear, implanted in Priscilla's mind, of the Devil and his works in the New World, was clear and logical enough; so much so that Dorothy Bradford herself succumbed to it, and on this point could give her protégé little comfort. Even back at home, in the England where the word of Christ had spread for centuries, the

warfare between Heaven and Hell was constant and fierce.

In a heathen land like New England, filled with devil-worshiping savages, God had obviously made no headway. To venture there was in a very literal sense to carry the war into the enemy's country.

With this conviction that devil-work was popping all the time, the settlement of Plymouth required the same high courage that Columbus had displayed when he braved falling off the edge of the world or being crushed in the maw of a monstrous sea-beast.

Were not Heaven and Hell engaged in the Great War? Our own better minds, who so lately trembled at the thought of concrete tennis courts and thrilled to phantom code signals whenever a shade was raised or lowered, should understand the anxiety of Cotton Mather, who at the close of the century explained the struggle with the Indians as "The Prodigious War, Made by the Spirits of the Invisible World upon the people of New England."

This does not mean that the main purpose of settling Plymouth was to fling out a new outpost against Satan, but gives a clew to the daring of those who stepped into the very jaws of Hell to snatch a greater share of prosperity for themselves and their children.

The Pilgrims worked with a will, seeking wood, helving tools, and sawing lumber to make another shallop. A few had been sick when the *Mayflower* arrived. Exposure and lack of sanitation increased their number.

Early in December, the shallop was sufficiently mended for a short voyage and the second junket of discovery began. Master Jones, skipper of the *Mayflower,* was made leader of the party, because, "we thought it best herein to gratify his kindness and forwardness." Which shows how little the Pilgrims believed that he had conspired to lead them astray.

While they were gone, Mrs. Susanna White was delivered of a son, who was called Peregrine.

Dorothy was active at the mother's bedside, helping as she could. She was intensely interested. She had made a personal discovery, though no one suspected it as yet. Hidden in her stateroom was a little coat she had begun to knit against an eventuality to come.

Peregrine was not robust at birth, yet when his father returned with the scouting party, it was insisted, on Bradford's urging, that the baby be baptized at once, since postponement might con-

demn it to eternal damnation. That the child was sickly was all the more reason for haste, Bradford pointed out. Such solicitude progressed steadily in New England, until it flowered in Jonathan Edwards, who saw Hell paved with the skulls of unbaptized infants, and pictured parents in Heaven with holy joy on their countenances as they watched the indescribable tortures of their little ones.

Dorothy Bradford, with an intense personal interest, was shocked by her husband's stand. He brushed her aside.

It had turned cold. Snow covered the decks of the *Mayflower*. Despite the tearful protests of Mother White, Peregrine was brought on deck and baptized. Throughout the long ceremony he sneezed and cried.

At last the ordeal was over. Dorothy seized him and took him to his mother's warm bunk. She sat for an hour while he whimpered and finally got warm in sleep, against his mother's warm body. She went to her stateroom, but found she had no stomach for knitting. She put the work basket away and returned on deck.

Gayety reigned. No one else seemed to have any thought for the baby. She tried to get her husband aside for an earnest talk, but he was more interested in whales that were playing about in the water. He

had a kind of free-hearted juvenile gayety about the affair that froze her heart.

The sun shone warm, and a whale came and lay above the water, as if she were dead, half a musket shot from the ship. Bradford and another rushed to get their guns. Bradford shot first, as the others crowded around. His musket flew in pieces, both stock and barrel.

He knelt on deck, praising God that he had not been hurt. The whale saw her time, gave a snuff, and went away. Bradford was keen on the look-out for other whales. It seemed to Dorothy hopeless to gain his attention. She returned to her cabin. Slowly and tearfully she took up her work basket.

Sickness had grown apace. In mid-December Edward Thompson, servant to Master White, died. He, too, was thrown overboard without the ceremony of a funeral.

Dorothy watched and listened in sullen silence. She was without hope. Even Winslow was following her husband, at times exceeding in the new righteousness.

The next day the ship narrowly escaped a great danger.

One of Ould Woodsman's sons was playing Colonists and Indians in his father's cabin. In the absence

of Ould Woodsman, he got gunpowder and shot off a piece or two, and made squibs. There being a fowling piece in the cabin, he shot it off near an open powder keg. The powder took fire and the ship was nearly blown up.

Amid great excitement the fire was extinguished. The boy was seized and thrown into bolts. A summary court was held, at which it was determined to make him an exemplary object of discipline. He was to be beaten and left in the bolts a week.

Bradford carried the day for the prosecution, with a quotation from the gentle John Robinson, produced from his inexorable files:

"Surely there is in all children (though not alike) a stubbornness and stoutness of mind arising from natural pride, which must in the first place be broken and beaten down that so the foundation of their education being laid in humility and tractability, other virtues may in their time be built thereon."

Calvin had held that those who violate the parental authority, by contempt or rebellion, are not men, but monsters; therefore, the Lord commands all those who are disobedient to their parents to be put to death.

With a cry, the people left the court and made their way toward the boy. Ould Woodsman pro-

tested in vain that it had just been a boyish prank. He could gain no hearing. Dorothy Bradford thought of the child within her. She rushed through the mob, and flung herself before young Billington.

The crowd drew back. Her husband, with righteous whip upraised, stood abashed.

"You come with me," she said with such sternness that Bradford obeyed. "Bring that whip with you, too. Go away, every one of you, go away. Shame."

The crowd dispersed. She took Bradford by the arm. Her manner was such that he followed meekly to their stateroom.

"William," she said, suddenly turning upon him, "do you think yourself God?"

"We are here to do the will of God," rejoined Bradford.

"Have you no humanity?"

"The will of God does not submit to human frailties."

Dorothy was silent. She picked up her work basket and resumed her knitting. She had reached the sleeve of the little coat. Knit one, purl two. Knit one, purl two.

Her husband watched her in stupefaction. Sud-

denly a great light dawned. He was happy. He attempted to caress her, to felicitate.

She pushed him from her.

"William," she said, "I want you to promise that we will go back when the *Mayflower* returns. You have changed. Every one has changed. You have all become different."

William Bradford sat in amazement.

"I want you to promise that we will go back on the *Mayflower,*" Dorothy continued. "I can stand it to live and die with you. But I simply will not take the responsibility of bringing a child into this New World of yours."

"We are but serving God," said Bradford, "better than we were able to do at home. And more strictly."

Dorothy looked at him. Until that moment she had hoped. The easy way in which he said the words killed her hope and left her speechless. She was in despair. Righteousness bubbled up within him until he almost seemed to glow.

"Is that all?" he asked, with a shade of finality.

"That is absolutely all, if you insist on it."

He got up and left. She did not resume her knitting. When she went on deck, she stood alone with bowed head, looking down into the bitter brack-

ish water. Her eyes were set in determination. "I will face it," she said to herself. "I will see it through, in my own way."

When the little bound boy Weston had secured as a servant for Deacon Carver died, he, too, was tossed into the sea. A few minutes later the Pilgrim shallop set gayly forth on the third expedition, with ten of the principal men of the colony, including Carver, Bradford and Winslow, and some seamen. It was so cold, the spray froze.

Master Jones had already warned the colonists that they must be diligent in settling, since he could not keep the *Mayflower* at anchor there so long as to use up the crew's food supply for the return voyage. The Pilgrims had already lost a month of precious time.

Angry tears were in Dorothy's eyes as she stood at the rail to watch the shallop disappear. She was not in any gay mood.

Slowly she made her way down to her little cabin. She took up her knitting, held it lovingly in her hands. She put it away, shook her head sadly, and bit her lip to keep back the tears.

"There is no use," she said. "It will be better this way. I will face it. I will not bring a child into their New World."

Resolutely she tidied the cabin, until there was not a speck of dust, nor a pin out of place. She visited with the other women, helped them at her tasks. She was calm now, for she had made her resolution and found her peace. Later people remarked how strange it was that she should have been so serene.

That night she climbed again to the vessel's prow. Again Priscilla met her with her eternal happy questions about marriage and love.

"Child, if you have to marry, marry a man who is without righteousness," said Dorothy. Priscilla thought it was a jest, and smiled as she was sent packing off to bed.

Dorothy, alone in the blackness, stood for a moment against the rail, looking up to heaven. The cool wind blew upon her lovely face and her face was soothed. Her white hands joined in prayer.

She climbed beyond the rail, raised her hands and plunged into the icy blackness below. Her body was never recovered.

Little suspecting that tragedy had visited the *Mayflower,* the scouting party gayly pushed forward. The band of seventeen divided, one group

going by land, while the other continued in the shallop.

The patient reader is now to reap his reward, for the Landing of the Pilgrims is at hand.

Scarcely had the groups reunited, built camp and fixed themselves for the night, when they heard a great and hideous cry. Every one was terrified. The sentinel gave the call to arms. Muskets were fired. The noise ceased abruptly. Despite the reassurance of one of the party who said he had heard such a noise in Newfoundland, on another trip, and that it was just a company of wolves or foxes, they passed a sleepless night.

In the morning watchful waiting still prevailed. No one was anxious to travel again by land. After some argument it was determined that all would go in the shallop. While breakfast was under way, most of the party carried their armor down to the water's edge in anxious readiness for departure.

Suddenly there came a great and strange cry, and one of the men who had wandered a little apart came running in, shouting, "They are men, Indians! Indians!"

Miles Standish took the situation in hand and ordered the defense. He had a snaphance ready, and fired it to cover the sortie of the others who ran

for their arms. A burning log was carried from the fire so these could light their matches. Muskets blazed away. Soon the Indians were in flight. The action had been at long range, and the Pilgrims had dodged the arrows with ease.

In such an emergency, Standish's quick commanding bluster stood him in good stead and inspired confidence. He ordered pursuit. After trailing for a quarter of a mile, the Pilgrims gave up the chase, shooting a few times and shouting lustily to show the enemy they were neither afraid nor discouraged.

Bradford says, "The cry of our enemies was dreadful, especially when our men ran out to recover their arms; their note was after this manner, *'Woath woach ha ha hach woach!'* " In the Biblical fashion, the place was named The First Encounter, and the party sailed away.

It was a stormy trip. They lost their way, and the shallop was nearly wrecked. At last, as night was falling, safe landing was made on an island in a harbor. Investigation next day showed it uninhabited, but covered with good wood, and plentiful in game.

The following day was Sunday, the first spent by any of the Pilgrims on New England soil. The

contemporary record of the event is merely, "On the Sabbath Day we rested."

These six words have been reconstructed and embellished, until the first Sabbath of the Pilgrims on New England soil has been presented as a milestone in the forward march of civilization. One reverend historian glows thus about the import of that first New England Sunday:

"That day, kept for God on that island, has sent down a blessing for all the posterity of the Pilgrims, a preserving, sustaining influence throughout New England, to make the descendants of the Pilgrims a Sabbath-keeping people; and none but a Sabbath-keeping people can be truly free. That island is a very sacred spot. We would put a monument there, sooner than on Bunker Hill; a monument to God, to the Sabbath, to the faith of the Pilgrims, to the hidden life of social, civil, and religious freedom, of which the Sabbath is the safeguard."

But nothing that piety has been able to deduce about the first Sunday compares with the noble structure that poetry has built around the cardinal event of the next day.

At the Landing of the Pilgrims, the whole company did not proceed ashore with banners, wives and suckling babes to shiver and starve in the

wilderness. Even after the landing, all lived aboard ship, except they could be of help ashore, until accommodations could be provided. The *Mayflower* stayed on until mid-April, giving plenty of time.

At the classic landing, neither John Alden nor the lady he is alleged to have pushed ungallantly aside, for the honor of being first to touch foot on the rock, was present. Nor was the *Mayflower* anywhere in sight, nor is the rock mentioned.

"On Monday, 21st December," says the record (Forefathers' Day), "we sounded the harbor, and found it a very good harbor for our shipping. We marched also into the land, and found divers corn fields, and little running brooks, a place very good for situation."

Those present at the Landing of the Pilgrims, as the breaking waves dashed high on the stern and rock-bound coast, were the ten colonists, five seamen and two master's mates of the scouting party.

That same day they all returned to the *Mayflower* in the shallop.

Chapter VI: *Death and the Business of Life*

ABOARD the *Mayflower* Bradford learned of the suicide of his wife, but his account is scarcely emotional: "So we returned to our ship again with good news for the rest of our people, which did much comfort their hearts."

The tradition of the suicide has come down from generation to generation, though Bradford made no note, except to mention the date of her death in a simple register. There was God's work to be done.

Priscilla was stricken by the loss of her friend. She had been the last to see her. Broken-hearted, alone, and terrified by new religious fears, she cried for a week on end. Then she took to her bed, a very sick girl.

The day after Dorothy drowned, James Chilton died, the first of the planters to go. Altogether six died in December. Eight died in January. More than thirty were sick in bed. Most of those who accounted themselves well had severe coughs and colds. Mullens, reduced in body and spirit, kept going by sheer force of will.

Sanitary conditions grew worse. Juniper was burned continuously to drown out the smells. In the deepening gloom of sickness and death, the Pilgrims were drawn closer together. They were determined to carry on. Return to England now meant double disaster, for the dangers of another crowded voyage at that season were greater than the troubles on land.

Once more the company grew in piety. The faith of the Leyden group was all there was to rely upon. Even the sailors prayed, when they could snatch time from cursing the colonists, and threatening to dump them off and leave if they did not get their settlement under way soon.

The business of life was desperate. Like a company of soldiers cut off and trapped, surrounded by terrible and unseen enemies who gave no quarter, they fought desperately against extinction. They were indeed embattled. Satan, whose domain they had invaded, fought with both hands. The unpredictable ravages of disease they knew to come from the High Command of the Evil One, as surely as though he had chosen to fight openly with the arrows of the Indians.

Every one prayed, Mullens as fervently as any, as strict about matters of observances. By the same

token, as with all embattled soldiers, the piecemeal, practical fight for survival towered in importance over everything else.

The record of the Pilgrims throughout this time is as pitiful and as modern as an abstract from one of the diaries of a World War Soldier.

The *Mayflower* weighed anchor and made for the new harbor as soon as weather permitted. She came within two leagues of Plymouth, but a contrary wind forced her to return, and she could not make her objective until the next day.

"This bay is a most hopeful place," wrote Bradford. "Innumerable store of fowl, and excellent good, and cannot but be of fish in their season. Skate, cod, turbot and herring we have tasted of; abundance of mussels, the greatest and best that ever we saw; crabs and lobsters, in their time infinite."

The Pilgrims worked together with a whole will to keep their spirits up. A week from the day of the discovery, a party went ashore once more, and the following day another. They returned again resolved to settle on one of these places the next morning. But at that time, after calling on God for direction, they decided to look once again, having at last reached the conclusion they must hurry, "their

victuals being much spent, especially their beer." It was high time; New England weather is seldom balmy after Christmas.

They decided upon Plymouth.

Among the pretty fictions of New England, none is perhaps prettier than the story that the colony was named in honor of the last port the Pilgrims had touched in their English homeland. Pity the simple truth. On a map published six years before by Captain John Smith, of Jamestown and Pocahontas fame, this spot had been named Plymouth. But the romantic version will live forever. It feeds our hunger to dramatize our past into what we call history.

In deference to our traditions, the Pilgrims should have celebrated Christmas, too. They did not. Christmas and Easter, as well as all other church holidays, were suspect, because they savored of the Papacy and paganism. Modern scholarship has confirmed their suspicions.

Even without confirmation the Puritans (or "Pure and Unspottyd Lambs of the Lord," as their first recorded congregation called itself) saw but one course open, to cut out this rank vine of paganism that was clinging to the oak of Christianity. The next generation in New England ordained,

"that whosoever shall be found observing any such day as Christmas and the like, either by forbearing labor, feasting, or any other way upon any such account as aforesaid, every such person so offending shall pay for each such offense, five shillings as a fine to the Country."

Those who repeated the offense might be forced to run the gauntlet. Literally, Christmas was more honored in the breach than the observance.

The Pilgrims at their first Christmas were less stern and uncompromising, for, though they did not honor the day, Bradford does unbend to mention it as the dire day when the Pilgrims' beer gave out, forcing them to drink water or rely upon the generosity of the ship's master to open up the crew's stores.

"Monday, 25th, being Christmas day, we began to drink water aboard, but at night the master caused us to have some beer; and so on board we had divers times now and then some beer, but on shore none at all."

It was from the depths of his heart that Brewster said, "It is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage or small discontentments cause to wish themselves at home again."

In time, Bradford and Plymouth became more

strict. The very next year, most of the new colonists asked to be relieved from work in the communal fields on Christmas day. Bradford told them acidly that if they had such scruples he would excuse them until they were better informed. Later he found them playing pitch-the-bar and stool-ball in the street, took away the Christmas presents with which they were making sport, and sent them packing with a stern lecture.

He told them he had a conscience as well as they, and that it was against his conscience that they should play while others were at work. An example of the excellent team work between Puritan scruples and economic interests.

The close-drawn New England pocketbook, sometimes mistaken for the New England conscience, is scandalized by looseness. Having dedicated their lives to making a living and accumulating wealth despite hard times, Puritans naturally had no patience with those great wasters: frivolity and vice.

For four days after the site of Plymouth was chosen, a storm raged. Then, still hampered by foul weather and worried by the supposed cries of hostile savages, the Pilgrims began in earnest. Methodically the able-bodied set about their tasks.

On a hill overlooking the surrounding country

and the sea, work was begun on a platform for the ordnance, and on a stockade to enclose two rows of houses with a street between. Single men joined themselves to families, to reduce the number of houses to be built. The land was measured, a space four by fifty feet being allowed per person. Lots were cast to determine where each should live.

The colony was fearfully conscious of its weakness, with so many ill, and did not dare allot more land for houses and gardens, fearing it would be impossible to complete the stockade before the *Mayflower* left.

Alarms from Indians, wolves and lions, real or imaginary, figured in the terrifying excitements of the time. Each day was filled with adventures. Ould Woodsman, to demonstrate his woodcraft and enhance his prestige, went off to locate a lake he had spied from a treetop. Bradford, at work one fair day, "was vehemently taken with a grief and pain, and so shot to his huckle-bone." A direct attack by the Evil One.

Sickness and death increased as the survivors toiled on. In Bradford's register the bare outline of the tragic story is told. The last entry for January is: "Dies Rose, the wife of Capt. Standish."

In February, seventeen died, and in March, nine-

teen. And in three months, half the company was dead. Sometimes two or three died in a day. The living were scarce able to bury the dead. The well were not sufficient to tend the sick. In the time of greatest distress, but six or seven were well.

One of the colonists, Samuel Fuller, "the Pilgrims' doctor," undoubtedly made pretensions to medical knowledge, but did not help much during the epidemic. He was sick himself. Perhaps he did as well as any doctor of his own day (or of ours) could have done. It would be a mistake to look with too much scorn upon the science of that time, already making rapid strides, though Fuller was not able to tell his fellow colonists the name of their malady, which is so often the comforting service of physicians to-day.

In the light of modern medical discoveries, it would be interesting to know what infection decimated the Pilgrim ranks. They themselves blamed coughs, colds and scurvy.

The only practical medical knowledge recorded was possessed by Winslow. He advised a friend about to make a voyage to guard against scurvy by taking juice of lemons. Winslow even cured the Indian sachem Massasoit of the scurvy. The sachem had this disadvantage compared with the

modern patient, that he knew nothing of the theory of his disease. Table talk was scarce in those days.

Massasoit rewarded Winslow with his friendship, and once conducted him home to Plymouth, secretly sending one of his own men ahead to tell the colony Winslow was dead. Next day when sachem and guest arrived safely amid general astonishment, Massasoit explained this was an Indian custom, that they might be more welcome when they came home.

Relations between colonists and Indians were more often inconvenient than bloody. After the common goods had been brought ashore, the Pilgrims called a meeting to establish military orders and organize for defense. No sooner had the meeting been started and Standish elected captain, than it was interrupted by two Indians who appeared on a near-by hill. Standish and Hopkins bustled out; the savages left.

The ordnance was hurriedly brought ashore and mounted.

Thrice more the Pilgrims tried to snatch time from their labors and the cares of tending the sick to finish their defense plans and pass laws, but each time Indian visits—friendly Indian visits—interrupted. It was not until a month after the first meeting that the business could be done.

Samoset, a tall, straight man, the hair of his head black, broke up the second meeting by walking brazenly into town saying the English word "Welcome." He had learned it from fishermen. Lucky for him the fishermen had not played the linguistic tricks on him that doughboys are reputed to have played upon the girlhood of France.

The Pilgrims were nervous to meet one of these accursed sons of Ham face to face. He told them much. They dismissed him with a knife, a bracelet and a ring. He returned promptly with five friends. "They did eat liberally of our English victuals." Samoset played sick and stayed on for nearly a week. He approved the Pilgrim fare. They finally got rid of him, but he was back again the next day with Squanto and three others.

Squanto is the Pilgrims' friendly Indian of song and story, who taught them how to catch eels with their feet and how to plant Indian corn. He had lived in England, spoke English well, and was equally acquainted with the white man's food.

Soon Sagamore Massasoit appeared with sixty followers and made a treaty, after all had been fed. The treaty lasted fifty years, and the Indians' appetite almost as long.

Throughout the spring Indians visited in such

droves that a special embassy was sent to Massasoit to ask "that he would hinder the multitude from oppressing us."

The endless formality of the Indians was torture to the colonists. In complying with the Pilgrims' request, the sachem repeated a lengthy formula for each of the thirty towns he ruled. Each rhetorical question was greeted by a prolonged cheer for each of the towns. The entering wedge of overemphasis in American sport.

There were other inconveniences about friendly Indians. The story of the embassy proceeds: "We desired to go to rest: he laid us on the bed with himself and his wife. Two more of his chief men for want of room pressed by and upon us; so that we were worse weary of our lodging than of our journey." Two fishes shot by Massasoit served as a whole day's food for forty Indians and their guests.

The innocent manner in which naked Indian girls pranced about the colony was another source of consternation to the good folk of Plymouth. Indian morals were as sketchy as their food.

John Billington, Jr., the scapegrace boy, lost himself in the woods and went to live with the Indians after eking out five days on berries. A special

expedition fetched him back; not so much that Plymouth wanted him, as to show the savage that the Englishman looks after his kind. A cardinal principle of Empire.

Eventually Priscilla recovered enough to get up and about. She had to, for aboard the *Mayflower* there were now none to tend her. Her father was deathly ill. Her mother and brother were abed. Elizabeth Winslow was stricken.

March came, and the air began to feel of spring.

After a terrible delirium her father died. William White and two others died the same day ashore. Priscilla silently watched as the weighted body of her father was thrown overboard. She was too exhausted with her labors, too sick, too taut emotionally to have human feelings. The business of life must go on.

Late in the month the carpenter had sufficiently recovered to mend the shallop again, and the last of the *Mayflower* passengers, including the sick, were taken ashore. The captain was anxious to start home, having delayed so long only because extended sickness among the crew had made departure impossible.

Priscilla's mother and brother died. Elizabeth Winslow took a turn for the worse. Priscilla cared

for her desperately. She was the last tie she had to her beloved Dorothy. Elizabeth died.

Priscilla was alone, but she had no time to be lonely. With Billington, Standish, Alden and Brewster, she was one of the seven who tended the whole company. The seven were busy together continuously with unguents and bedpans. They grew intimate.

Billington had never liked Standish, whom he had nicknamed Captain Shrimp. The name had stuck, and Standish's own dislike had become accentuated.

Billington noted that Standish was making sheep's eyes at Priscilla. In her suffering she craved human comfort. Standish provided it with a diligence that Billington thought indecent.

Billington was an incurable romantic. In the Pilgrim band he was a round peg in a square hole, a rattling anomaly. He thought it revolting that Standish had begun to court Priscilla less than four weeks after his wife, Rose, had died. He thought that Priscilla should be spared such a thing during her own time of sadness. The enmity between himself and Standish grew.

Mullens had had a fortune invested in the enterprise. Whoever married Priscilla could make him-

self the most important man in the colony. Standish was a little more practical than Billington could stand. Neither concealed his feelings. Both knew Mullens had left a will, but they also knew it probably would never be executed, and that Priscilla would be heir. They were right; the will never was executed.

Standish watched cannily and took pains to look at his intended with sheep's eyes. For a time she took no notice. Then she gave a rebuff. Billington saw it, and laughed out loud. He told every one, and cursed Captain Shrimp for forwardness and bad taste. He talked too much.

He was summarily "convicted before the whole company for his contempt of Captain Standish's lawful command with opprobrious speeches; for which he was adjudged to have his neck and heels tied together; but upon humbling himself and craving pardon, and it being the first offence, he was forgiven."

It is pleasing to know that the first gentle riplet of the crime wave that has been growing and breaking in America ever since was *lèse-majesté*. The historians have treated the Billingtons with the same consideration that modern sociologists have extended the Jukes, but without the same perseverance in

tracking them down to their present Social Register addresses in the Dilatory Domiciles.

Ould Woodsman had been drinking, as usual. He was a staunch though unimaginative supporter of the church, and felt that honors due the dead were not being granted here. What with the rate at which people were dying, the celebrations he felt needful were almost more than his liver could bear. He was a humanitarian. He kept up the celebrations just the same.

Ould Woodsman was one of the few who were able to keep going during the time of worst sickness. Others more godly, who had hated him enough before, hated him the worse as he served them with hearty step, while they were flat on their backs. His health was an affront, since illness was personal, implying the disapproval, or at least the indifference, of God.

Standish continued to court Priscilla, openly pursuing the very practical business of living. Other eligibles, who were ill now, might be contenders for this fortune later. He must act quickly.

He thought Priscilla's repulse due to over-strained nerves; in his bluff soldier's way he did not believe any woman could really want to turn him down.

Yet he did not wish to risk making himself a laughing stock again.

Standish also had that deference for stiff formality which often marks the soldier's actions in a social world in which he is not wholly at ease. He decided to send his proffer of marriage by messenger. That, he knew, was the way the gentry ordered these matters.

For messenger he picked John Alden, the cooper, who as a hired hand could be ordered about on personal errands. Alden had this further advantage for Standish, that the time for which he was hired was up, and that he would be returning to England in a few days on the *Mayflower*. If the mission failed, Alden would soon be gone, and others might not be the wiser.

Standish took Alden aside and taught him the words he was to say. Alden said them over and over, learned them by heart.

Chapter VII: *The Courtship of Miles Standish*

THROUGH the art of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the courtship of Miles Standish is an American classic. Every schoolchild is familiar with the captain

"Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather."

We are familiar with the very rhythm of the man who

"Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence
Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb marks thick on the margin,
Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest."

But immersed in the words of Longfellow, many a schoolchild has neglected the facts implicit in his poem. Three-fifths of that epic takes place before the *Mayflower* left for England.

The *Mayflower* sailed four weeks after the death of Priscilla's father, eight weeks after the death of Rose, the wife of Captain Standish—Rose, the pink-and-white Manx woman, the perfect soldier's bride.

Less than two months a widower, the captain was already seeking a new mate. Perhaps it was his soldier's sentimentality that made him wait so long. Others were not so dilatory.

Edward Winslow, the cultured Pilgrim of good family, remarried seven weeks after the death of his charming Elizabeth. How much before that he began the courtship of Susanna White is not known, but she herself had been a widow for less than twelve weeks, and was still giving her babe, Peregrine, to suck at the time of the ceremony. Theirs was the first marriage at Plymouth.

Later practice often speeded matters. A governor of New Hampshire married a widow whose husband had died only ten days previously. Governor Bellingham, of Massachusetts Bay, after a short widowerhood, snatched a comely lass twenty-five years younger than himself from the arms of a friend of his to whom she was betrothed, and took her for his own, tying the knot himself. Hailed to court for this irregularity, he persisted in remaining on the bench to try his own case. Un-

doubtedly a Massachusetts precedent for Judge Webster Thayer.

The Puritans were nothing if not practical. The family was an economic unit. Early marriages and large families meant prosperity. Accordingly, matrons at sixteen or under were the rule rather than the exception, and an old maid of twenty-four was already a "thornback." Bachelors were a rarity greatly in disfavor, generally taxed and badgered. One community even legislated sternly that "Every unmarried man shall kill six blackbirds or three crows while he remains single."

Men and women married early and often, unhampered by the romantic ideas that trouble America (and especially its women) to-day. They married frankly for advantage. Then as now this proved a solid foundation. Divorces were few. There were only six in Plymouth down to 1691.

Richard Mather married the widow of John Cotton. He had had a son, Increase Mather, by his first wife, and she a daughter, Mary Cotton. Though these two children were brought up as brother and sister, they were wedded to keep the joint estate together. The offspring of this palely incestuous union was Cotton Mather.

Mercenary marriages were in keeping with hard-

headed middle-class ideals. Judge Sewall wrote unabashed, "My loving wife, who was the promoter of the match (of his daughter Judith) and an industrious contriver of my daughter's comfortable settlement, has died. I need your prayers that God would yet again provide such a good wife for me." The attitude is fairly presented in a letter of the time: "Our uncle is not at present able to pay you. You must have patience until God enable him. As his wife died in mercy twelve months since, it may be he may light on some rich widow that may make him capable to pay."

The doctrines of Calvin abetted this view, since he held marriage not holy, but merely a vent to passion for "those who had not the gift of continency." Despite their harsh reputation, Puritans were in overwhelming agreement with Paul that it was better to marry than to burn. The fecund and hoary Old Testament patriarchs provided an example Puritans could happily emulate.

Man's pleasurable exertions upon the marriage bed were held less wicked than correlative extensions upon the part of woman, who was responsible for the Fall. By the analogy of the seed and the earth, man was believed to usurp the function of reproduc-

tion, while woman's pleasure was wholly gratuitous. A very comforting and sensible belief.

Priscilla had come to accept this sort of doctrine as natural. Yet she felt a strong need for human comfort in this time of sorrow, and even she realized that she wanted something more intimate and warm and personal than she had ever known.

On a cold rainy evening in April, Priscilla sat alone in her log hut, the hovel that had been built by the hands of her dead father and brother. She was dog tired, and desolate. She huddled close to the small fire, and listened to the rain.

Loneliness overcame her. She looked about the tiny room, twelve feet square, daubed with clay to keep the weather out. Death had come before that job had been finished. In places the rain trickled through and washed down in little streams of blatant yellow mud to the earthen floor. The firelight flickered on the round logs. She could hardly see the low thatch roof for the smoke that hung under it.

Priscilla closed her eyes. She tried to think of the comfortable home that had been hers back in Dorking-in-Surrey. She tried to picture again the gay play she had had with other children. She tried to remember the fine confident happiness with which they had set out in the *Mayflower*. It was all so

far away that she could scarcely remember. She brushed her eyes as though to see more clearly. She could hardly picture to herself the face of her mother, her loving mother who had died but ten days ago.

She felt dull, dull. She was still alive, but life was at its ebb. Soon she would lie down on that hard pile of brush, and then morning would come. She would begin again her daily round of fatigue. She feared others soon would be quartered in her house.

Since August she had aged ten years. She felt life slipping away, and she had never lived. Who could tell when she would die? She raised her head suddenly from her hands, looked straight into the fire and made a decision.

She thought over all the men she knew. Standish had annoyed her. She dismissed him with a smile. Her worship of Dorothy Bradford was still keen. She remembered how many times Dorothy had laughed at him during the voyage. He was ridiculous, and he was so old. He so transparently wanted money. She recalled Dorothy's advice about choosing a husband. It annoyed her that it was so easy to recall the words of loved ones and so hard to recapture their smile. She could not picture Dorothy's face.

It was lonely. The rain beat down. It was cold. She huddled closer to the fire.

There was a knock.

John Alden entered. Water spilled from his hat as he stooped through the low door. Beads of rain clung to his eyebrows. His face was ruddy and fresh. He was drenched.

"You're terribly wet," said Priscilla. "Come, warm yourself by the fire."

"I—I can stay but a minute. I came to give you a message."

"Nonsense," said Priscilla. "You will catch your death of cold. Haven't we enough sick already? Sit down here and get yourself warm and dry." Despite his reluctance, she helped him off with his wet coarse coat.

They huddled close by the fire. Alden rubbed his hands over the blaze. She looked up at his face in the firelight. It was a simple, honest face, she thought, not bad-looking in its way. Surely he fitted Dorothy's prescription. Who else was there?

Her decision was sealed.

She moved her head close to his and looked up at him. He seemed a little startled and was still preoccupied with warming his hands.

"I—I came on business, with a message for you, a proposal . . ."

"We can talk business later," she interrupted. "You must not get sick. Why, you are shivering all over. You have a chill. You need some one to take care of you. Come here."

She took him by the hand and sat him on the edge of the bed. She drew off his boots.

He stammered a few incoherent words.

"Nonsense," she said firmly, drawing back the covers and making him lie under them. "You must get over this chill."

She stripped off her own shoes and her outer clothing and snuggled into bed with him. His eyes popped in amazement. Beads of perspiration came now to his forehead.

"You mistake me," he said.

"Not at all," she laughed. She put an arm around him and lay very close to his whole body.

John Alden was frightened. He did not know what to do. He did not know what to make of this heiress who wore dresses of silk and had real linen on her bed. He deeply realized that he was just a working man. He was a hired hand; a cooper. Like all good Englishmen, he had a strong sense of the immutable distinctions of class. He had come

simply as a messenger. He had come to ask the hand of this woman, the most desirable in all Plymouth, for Captain Standish, an important man in the colony. He vaguely feared consequences. He could not believe she wanted him.

He was as dumb and as breathless with surprise as a baker boy, led to the bed of a duchess, and worried that the muffins for the next delivery are getting cold in the basket.

Still Priscilla lay quite close beside him. His natural honest artisan's blood began to rise.

He was awkward. Priscilla urged him on, encouraged him. She was very innocent. She knew nothing. Yet even to her, it seemed he was extraordinarily shy. He observed with surprise that heiresses feel much like other girls. Yet he hesitated.

She half sat up.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Don't you like me? Don't you want to bundle?"

He held her in his arms for answer; it was warm beneath the covers now. John was beginning to feel deliciously good, but he kept himself in check. Very slowly it dawned upon him that Priscilla wanted him, but he steeled himself and said the sentence he had been coached to say.

He took her close in his arms and held her in-

timately. He avoided her eyes, even in the semi-dark.

"Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter," he recited. "Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on . . ."

"Yes," sighed Priscilla, leaning closer to him.

"So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage, made by a good man and true, Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth."

Priscilla laughed.

"Well done," she said. "You speak your piece very nicely. I hope you will do as well when I have the teaching of you."

She teased him with her hands. He lay mute, between fear and aspiration.

"That is the way with you men," she said, pouting. "You don't understand us, you cannot. Don't you know any better than to plead another's cause in bed? Why don't you speak for yourself?"

When John left, he rushed into the open air, perplexed and bewildered. The rain had stopped. Like a man insane he wandered alone by the seaside, pacing up and down the sands. He looked up and saw the dim shadow of the *Mayflower,* riding at anchor in the light of the first dawn.

He had planned to go back on the *Mayflower* to-

day, back to the safety and the dull unambitious round of his job as cooper in Southampton. He would have no chance to catch such an heiress there. No, sir! He would not lose this opportunity. He was going to stay.

He returned to the common house, where was his bed. Standish was still up, walking the floor.

"Where have you been?" thundered Standish. "Why don't you come back promptly when I send you on an errand?"

That was just the captain's gruff way. He really meant no harm. In fact, he smiled benignly confident. "While you were going and coming, I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city."

Then John Alden opened his mouth and related the wondrous adventure from beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened. His own eyes were wide with amazement as he put the adventure into words.

Naïvely he told how he had entered Priscilla's house, how she had drawn him to the fire and taken him to bed. A scowl came over the face of Miles Standish. Billington stood to hear the better. One by one those who lay sick in the common house woke

up and listened. Alden continued his literal and detailed recital. He reached the climax.

Standish leaped up. His boots of Cordovan leather stamped on the floor till his armor clanged on the wall where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen. All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion. He shouted, "John Alden, you have betrayed me!"

"I—I didn't do anything," protested Alden blankly. "It was all Priscilla."

Suppressed laughter passed about the sick ward from cot to cot. Only Billington's guffaw was audible.

"I say you betrayed me!" repeated Standish. He elaborated the point with all the expletives that his military career vouchsafed him, combining these with a welter of classical allusion. In fact, he spoke with the profound scholarship with which a Longfellow is like to bedazzle his readers.

Alden, indeed, sat bewildered and bedazzled.

Betrayal was the only note Standish could sound. It was impossible for him to conceive that, with a fair field and no favors, any woman could prefer another man. Let alone this lout of a cooper! No, Standish, the Captain of Plymouth, the second man

in the colony in rank, the first in importance. He pounded his chest with gestures.

Suddenly Standish looked about. Every one was smiling. The idea that such a bumpkin could betray him was too much. In a rage he strode with short jerky steps from the room.

Those who lay sick in the common house rolled back to sleep. It was a proverb among them regarding Standish that a small chimney is soon fired. Alden could not close his eyes for his excitement. He lay grinning to himself until the time to be up and doing came.

Perhaps bundling is the most difficult of all the customs of Puritan New England for the modern mind to understand with sympathy. It certainly must have led to complications where proxies were involved, but it was the recognized method of courtship. A couple contemplating marriage spent the night together in bed.

This was no innovation of flaming youth, but had the full sanction of a regular social usage brought by the first colonists from their original homes. As such, it was as strictly hedged about with conventions as the conduct of a young lady

in an *école de jeunes filles*. It was open to abuses. So are other systems of courtship.

Bundling grew up for economic reasons, but, like the best of Puritan practices, it served religion as well. In small, ill-heated houses which admitted of little privacy, there was no other practical way of courting. The assumption was that the couple remained chaste. There was no social stigma if they did not marry, even after many trials, unless pregnancy followed.

The usage was brought to the New World from the Old, and remained the general rule here longer than in England because of the lower American standard of living. It did not die out until well into the nineteenth century. As late as 1784, Mrs. John Adams, future First Lady of the Land, wrote of a voyage that she "laid myself down in common with half a dozen gentlemen. We have curtains, it is true, and we only part undress, about as much as Yankee bundlers."

A substitute for bundling was the courting stick, a hollow rod used as a speaking tube, whereby lovers could sit at opposite sides of the fireplace in the presence of the whole family and still whisper their tender nothings in privacy. It was never the popular way.

For the Puritans, bundling held another strong attraction: the appeal of asceticism. It was a trial of the flesh such as they gloried in, bringing to perfect bloom that refined and radiant flower of eroticism known as suppression. That flower the Puritan clasped to his heart as devotedly as the monk in *Thaïs.*

Among the early Christians of the Roman Empire, men and women lay together naked to prove to themselves how little power base flesh had over them. The farther they went without going too far, the greater the demonstration of the majesty of God. Francis Johnson, third chief of the Brownists, argued the sanctity of bundling with other men's wives on these grounds. The Pilgrims came under the loose classification of Brownists.

It was this religious aspect of tarrying, as it was sometimes called, that made it linger so long in Puritan America, though historians aver that the young men returning from the Indian wars early stripped it of its innocence. One minister wrote, in 1760, that though it may "at first appear to be the effect of grossness of character, it will upon deeper research be found to proceed from simplicity and innocence." Another, twenty years later, acclaimed the custom,

which "prevails amongst all classes to the great honor of the country, its religion, and ladies."

It must be remembered that for more than a century after the settlement—until the advent of singing schools—there were no formal social functions in New England at which young people could meet. We notice, by our very existence, that our ancestors met nevertheless.

Chaperonage was unknown. Love-making was naturally a welcome pastime during the interminable voyages and the dreary winters. The lover taking long rides with his damsel upon the pillion behind him, is a familiar and engaging feature of the romantic picture of early New England. But outdoor courtships have their drawbacks in that climate.

The Puritan bundled with a free conscience and with a will. That the custom was finally abandoned was due to increased wealth and better housing, rather than the much-touted but tardy assaults of Jonathan Edwards upon it, or the crude and obscene Bundling Song, which had wide popularity through almanacs well into the nineteenth century and is often credited with slaying the usage by ridicule.

It is interesting to note the moral intensity with which the older women resisted attempts of ministers

to preach against it. As an alternative to bundling, sofas were introduced by the better classes. Humbler people, ever conservative, ever watchful of their standards, decried sofas as immoral. Against this lax innovation they battled as valiantly as they have since resisted stream-line bathing suits and companionate marriage (the poor man's equivalent of the rich man's easy divorce).

To as much purpose. The sofas have conquered, the stiff horsehair variety acting as an entering wedge for the later and more seductive models. But in the heyday of Puritanism, bundling was supreme. Religion and sex are never such strange bed-fellows.

Standish was sullen over his rejection. Longfellow even presents him as wreaking vengeance on the Indians. At any rate, he handled the patients more roughly than had been his wont.

The *Mayflower* departed. Alden remained. Priscilla set about to make him one of the leaders of the colony, as would befit his new wealth and the position that would bring him. She besought the sympathetic Winslow to teach him to read and write, of which arts she was herself quite uncertain. Nightly Priscilla and Alden would bundle. They liked it. One fine Sunday they were betrothed.

This formal ceremony, later known as the pre-contract, was peculiar to Plymouth. Cotton Mather relates, "There was maintained a Solemnity called a contraction a little before the Consummation of a marriage was allowed of. A Pastor was usually employed and a sermon also preached on this occasion." Priscilla and Alden had no pastor. Elder Brewster officiated.

Among the second generation in the colony this betrothal was responsible for many of the loose practices for which Plymouth became famous. Puritans would not allow the marriage ceremony in church. That was Papish. Marriage was to be performed only by a civil magistrate. As late as 1685, a Huguenot clergyman was haled into court in Boston for having solemnized a marriage. He was paroled when he agreed to desist, but shortly after broke his promise and left precipitately when the breach became known.

The pre-contract was an attempt on the part of the Pilgrims to let religion play some part. The difficulty was that it left people in a semi-married state for months, bound together with no defined rights or responsibilities. In the meantime, they continued to bundle. Laxity followed.

Much of the alleged looseness of the Plymouth

colony was due to religious ideals, to an attempt to get back to primitive Christianity. The second generation was greatly disturbed by people marrying themselves clandestinely, simply by laying on of hands. They insisted righteously that marriage was only an ordinary contract, in which the community was not involved, requiring neither magistrate nor minister. This was good Brownist doctrine. It is not hard to see how men who suddenly deny all tradition and set out literally to follow the word of God in the Bible could come to odd actions. The devil can quote Scripture to his purpose, and the godly have never been far behind.

At any rate, pre-marital fornication prevailed to such an extent that it became the accepted rule that a child born less than seven months after marriage demanded a public confession before the whole congregation. The rule must have helped to while away the tedium of the long church hours for the children. Evidently they learned well.

Soon, in Plymouth, premature births became so numerous that a law was adopted providing that the husbands should be whipped publicly, while the wives sat in the stocks as witnesses.

Nor did Plymouth excel. Calhoun says: "The records of the Groton church show that of two hun-

dred persons owning the baptismal covenant there from 1761 to 1775, no less than sixty-six confessed to fornication before marriage. From 1789 to 1791 sixteen couples were admitted to full communion; of these, nine had confessed to fornication."

During the first century of the settlement of Rhode Island, "a young woman's prospect of marrying respectably and moving thereafter in respectable society was not seriously impaired by illegitimate children."

Lord Dartmouth, Secretary for the Colonies, referred to the commonness of illegitimate offspring among the young people of New England as a thing of accepted notoriety. Governor Hutchinson made no denial.

Yet Captain Kemble, of Boston, was sentenced to two hours in the public stocks for "lewd and unseemly behavior" in kissing his wife publicly on his doorstep on the Sabbath, when he had just returned from a three years' voyage. In our own day the courts have been known to give racketeers and gangsters the freedom of the city, while the ordinary citizen is inexorably fined for driving past a traffic light.

In many towns laws were passed against "disorderly marriages." In some instances irregularly

wed couples were fined monthly until they conformed, indicating that conscience and principle were involved. Such scruples were especially cumbersome at Plymouth.

After the formal betrothal, Priscilla and John Alden lived along much as before. Many of the sick were getting well now, but there was still much work to be done. Deaths continued.

"While we are busy about our seed, our Governor, Mr. Carver, comes out of the field very sick, complains greatly about his head, within a few hours his senses fail, so as he speaks no more, and in a few days after dies, to our great lamentation and heaviness." Carver's wife followed him a few weeks later.

At a meeting of the company that was easily controlled by the Leyden group, Bradford was elected Governor. The leaders of the Londoners had died. The Communistic experiment continued. The women acted as public servants, washing and cooking for all.

Throughout the spring and summer Priscilla and John toiled in the common fields and about the houses. At night by the light of the fire, Priscilla labored over her trousseau. In the autumn, when

the harvest was over and the clothes in readiness, they were married.

There was no ceremony. Marriage was simply a joining of hands in mutual acceptance before a magistrate. The most important of the colony gathered to make merry, consuming quantities of sack-posset provided by the bride. As the party waxed gay, the unmarried guests joined in a scramble for the bride's garter, whose winner could look for good luck and speedy marriage. When this gayety died, the company escorted the newlyweds to their house, undressed them, and put them in bed.

This gay custom, derived originally from the practice of royalty, lasted long in New England. Judge Sewall, married again when nearly seventy, complained to his diary of the incivility of his wedding guests, that when he and his bride retired, "none came to us."

About nine in the morning on the Sabbath following their wedding, Priscilla and John Alden went to the meeting house, as was their custom, upon the blowing of the conch-shell. All the colony was gathered; even the London element came as usual, for there was nothing else more interesting to do.

At one end of the house was an improvised pulpit. Below was a table with an hour-glass and a clerk

who watched and turned it to keep track of the time. Clad in leather breeches, green waistcoat and violet-colored cloth coat, Elder Brewster strode to his place. The congregation stood as he began the prayer, and remained standing until he was through, an hour and a quarter later. Kneeling and bowing were taboo, because they were Papish. Those experienced in prayer always paused for a moment in the middle so the infirm could be seated.

Elder Brewster next preached for two hours, followed by others of the graver members of the congregation. In the midst of the sermon, Priscilla and John rose smiling from their places, turning around very slowly to show their bridal finery from every point of view, a pleasant custom that was for long the chief way of spreading the latest fashions in New England.

Priscilla blushed in admiration of her husband, in blue velvet coat, lace-frilled shirt, and purple cloth breeches from her father's stores. Priscilla herself was resplendent in a damson silk gown and bonnet trimmed with sixteen yards of white ribbon.

In our day when men's garb is so drab, it is amazing that we think of the Puritans as a somber-hued people, dressed with simplicity in the stern Quaker tradition. Could the Puritans have heard that accu-

sation, they would have been quick to place a forked stick on the tongue of its author for the insinuation that they were like the Quakers in any regard at all.

Puritans, for the most part, like their descendants, dressed as well as they could afford, or better. Winthrop tells how: "The court, taking into consideration the great disorder general through the country in costliness of apparel, and following new fashions, sent for the elders of the churches, and laid it upon them to redress it. But little was done about it; for divers of the elders' wives, etc., were in some measure partners in the general disorder."

A major consideration was their "utter detestation and dislike that men and women of meane Condition should take upon themselves the garb of gentlemen, by wearing gold or silver lace or buttons, or points at their knees or to walk in bootes or women of the rancke to wear silk or tiffany horlles or scarfes, which though allowable to persons of greater estates, or more liberal education, yet we cannot but judge it intollerable in persons of such like condition."

It is by a curious fixity of ideas that we have come to look upon the many Puritan prohibitions of frivolity solely as an indication of repression. They are equally an index of the unrepressed life of the time.

That a New England church in 1661 saw fit to order a five shilling fine for any one who shot off a gun or led a horse into the meeting house is as eloquent of the habits of the people as is the posting of the law *"Defense d'Uriner"* upon the cathedral of Nôtre Dame to-day.

Enforced church attendance might be irksome for us, but, what with the periodic confessions in open meeting of the members' most lurid sins, and the public exhibition of offending neighbors in the stocks, bilboes and cages on the green before the church, the Puritan certainly found the Sabbath-keeping less onerous than to be reduced to reading the Sunday papers to-day.

Plymouth had scarce recovered from the celebration of the Alden-Mullens wedding when, on the anniversary of the day the *Mayflower* had sighted land, the ship *Fortune* arrived, bringing fifty more colonists. She brought little food, but an orgy that followed shortly shows food was no great object of concern at this time.

Late in December, Governor Bradford ordered that a week be devoted to feasting and thanksgiving. He sent four men fowling so that they might after a special manner rejoice together. The four killed as much fowl as with a little help beside served the

company about a week. At which time, among other recreations they exercised their arms, many of the Indians coming amongst them, and among the rest their king Massasoit, with some ninety men, whom for three days they had to entertain and feast. "Beside waterfouls there was great store of wild turkeys."

Thus the turkey of the traditional picture is correct, but there is no record of any religious service. Throughout early New England, Thanksgiving feasts were held in celebration of divers events, but they were never set annual affairs, being simply declared when the occasion warranted. So little did Thanksgiving then import, that one describing New England holidays in 1699 did not even mention it, saying, "Election, Commencement and Training Days are their only Holy Days."

Cushman had come over on the *Fortune*. He returned to England almost immediately after he had secured the signatures of the Pilgrims to the contract they had rejected at Southampton. To whip them into assent, he read them a lecture on self-will and self-righteousness. This practical sales-talk, delivered in the common house, has quaintly come to be known as "the first New England sermon."

Cushman explained earnestly that no more money

or supplies could be expected unless the colonists signed. In the hope of such aid, they acquiesced. A patent had been obtained from the Plymouth Company legalizing their settlement.

The *Fortune* also brought a letter from Thomas Weston:

"That you sent no lading in the ship [the *Mayflower*] is wonderful, and worthily distasted. I know your weakness was the cause of it, and I believe more weakness of judgment than weakness of hands. A quarter of the time you spent in discoursing, arguing and consulting would have done much more. Consider that the life of the business depends on the lading of this ship."

The Pilgrims put lumber and furs, as much as they could get, aboard the *Fortune* when she left. All to no purpose. She was overhauled and robbed by the French.

After marriage, Priscilla settled down to the prosaic work of keeping house and bearing children that was the lot of the Puritan woman. She bore eleven.

Standish soon consoled himself by sending to England for Barbara, the sister of his former wife. In after years, Alexander Standish, a son born to them,

married Priscilla's daughter Sarah, to the romantic captain's unbounded delight.

Priscilla's wealth made Alden one of the important men of Plymouth. When he had mastered his letters, he undertook clerical duties for the town, and joined Bradford in acquiring all the land between Burial Hill and Main Street. Later he settled with Standish and others in Duxbury.

When the Pilgrims decided to have a committee shoulder the responsibility for the debts and otherwise prevent the ruin of the colony for want of credit, Alden was naturally named to the body. Thus the shrewd Pilgrims wrote off the books the tidy amount they owed to the estate of William Mullens.

In time Alden was made one of the true and lawful attorneys of the council, and for many years he was chosen Assistant and Deputy Governor.

Priscilla, in seeing her husband progress along the path to success, was robust enough to escape the fate of so many Puritan brides, of which a Plymouth tombstone inscription is eloquent, "Here lies ——, with twenty small children."

Of these Puritan wives a later New Englander wrote: "Generations of them cooked, carried water, washed and made clothes, bore children in lonely

peril, and tried to bring them up safely through all sorts of physical exposures without medical or surgical help, lived themselves in terror of savages, in terror of the wilderness, and under the burden of a sad and cruel creed, and sank at last into nameless graves, without any vision of grateful days when millions of their descendants should rise up and call them blessed."

Neither had they any vision of how onerous their lot would seem to a more refined age. Like Priscilla, they knew no other. Life was sweet to Priscilla. She had just begun to live. The grave was yet far off.

Chapter VIII: *Skulduddery on Zion*

THE Plymouth colony was by no means the first ambitious English attempt to wrest an honest penny from the bleak New England coast. Nor was it the last. Within ten years, the shoreline was dotted with motley settlements.

Rich men, poor men, beggar men, thieves, adventurers, traders, Puritans, Churchmen and fishermen all tried a hand, with varying lack of success.

The New England air seemingly made stolid Englishmen drunk on the possibilities—it was the immediate possibilities that they counted on—of this new country. The procession had begun in 1602. Bartholomew Gosnold arrived with thirty-two men, christened Cape Cod and Martha's Vineyard, and built shacks on Cuttyhunk with the intention of settling. A month's trial was discouraging, so the colony packed up and went home. Gosnold was the first Englishman to set foot on this soil. Like many a later visitor who has not stayed so long, he rushed into print with a book on America.

A sea dog named George Weymouth read the

book. He explored the coast, kidnaped five Indians to prove it, and published a glowing description of New England, stressing, among other virtues, its balmy climate.

Wide interest was aroused. The next year the North Virginia Company was formed to exploit the territory. A colony, better planned and better equipped than the Pilgrim venture, settled in Maine, only to quit after one winter. It discovered Weymouth had made some mistake about the weather.

This experience dampened the ardor of investors for a time, until Captain John Smith surveyed the coast, published a map on which he named the country New England, and penned another enthusiastic book. A second colonizing expedition, which included some of the veterans of the first, failed; and a third blew up even more spectacularly under the guidance of Captain Smith.

Smith's romantic nature led him to such poetic pictures as of the fisherman, "crossing the sweet ayre from isle to isle over the silent streams of a calm sea, wherein the most curious may find pleasure, profit and content," but he saw clearly that no other motive than profit would ever erect a commonwealth there, or draw company from their ease and humors at home. He particularly urged the exploitation of the

New England fisheries, as latent with more wealth than the Spanish mines.

Though he wrote that America had been "my wife, my hawks, my hounds, my cards, my dice and, in total, my best content," his own days of adventure were through. At the age of thirty-six he retired, to reap the more certain profits to be had from pamphlets urging others to colonize. Of all those who came under the New England spell, Smith was the only one to know when he had had enough.

Such was the state of affairs when Thomas Weston, ironmonger, and treasurer of the Merchant Adventurers of London (the Virginia Company), negotiated with the Leyden religious group to get them backing and enough more colonists from England to start a settlement within the Virginia patent. Naturally, Weston was not pleased that his protégés had seen fit to colonize north of their patent, in the territory of the rival (Plymouth) company.

Captain Smith's advice about the fisheries proved sound, and soon after the founding of Plymouth, from thirty to fifty English sail came each season. These migratory visitors built huts and quarters along the Maine coast.

With joyous abandon, other plantations sprang up within half a hundred miles of Plymouth. For ten

years there was little to choose between Plymouth and some of the other failures of New England, except that its backers continued to throw good money after bad by sending over more colonists. From the point of view of the merchant adventurers who put up the money, the Pilgrim colony never was a success.

People continually drifted from Plymouth, in the early years, because they were out of sympathy with the extreme Separatism which grew up there, later because the town was unprogressive and business was bad. Only the overflow from other settlements kept the population up at all. Bradford records pathetically the difficulty of getting worthy people to stay. After Standish, Alden and others moved away to found Duxbury, with its own church, every pressure was brought to bear to get them to return, at least for part of the year. It was voted to give lands to special persons, that would promise to live at Plymouth, and likely to be helpful to the church or commonwealth and so tie the lands to Plymouth. Soon even these broke away.

Bradford relates, in 1644, that "Many having left this place (as is before noted) by reason of the straightness and barrenness of the same, and their finding of better accommodations elsewhere, more

suitable to their ends and minds; and sundry others still upon every occasion desiring their dismissions, the church began seriously to think whether it were not better joyntly to remove to some other place than to be thus weakened, and as it were insensibly dissolved." Governor Winthrop testifies two years later that Plymouth "was now nearly deserted." If the light of God was guiding the destinies of the settlement, it was well hid under the Biblical bushel.

After the first fine enthusiasm and the spur of dire necessity were gone with the snows of the first winter, contentiousness and jealousy set in. With the important men of the London contingent dead, leadership was squarely in the hands of the Leyden group. These religious enthusiasts now began to look upon themselves in real earnest as the children of God, to grow more narrowly sectarian, and to soft-pedal, in their own minds, the actual reason they had all come over. Their sense of power grew on them, a new and pleasing sensation. They ordered things as they liked. The London element resented the intrusion of religion. The colony had not been presented in this light when they had been induced to join.

It was not so much what any one did that irritated the two groups, as the opposing state of mind.

Winslow became as active as any in pushing the religious idea. Sickness, hardships, and the loss of the influence of his former wife had changed him.

Priscilla, representing her father's interest in the plantation, commanded a certain respect among the leaders. Through Alden she made some attempts to temper their growing spirit of intolerance. Often, in private, she would bring Winslow up sharp with a reminder of some remark he had made to Dorothy Bradford. Had she been older, or had she been a man, she might have succeeded better. Alden proved a poor tool for delicate work. She was herself too young to be decisive. She was impressionable, and had been pretty thoroughly swept off her feet by the Leyden group. Besides, she was busy bearing and rearing children. In the end, she became content to let her husband achieve power in the community along the line of least resistance, conformity. Alden was so pleased with himself and with his lot, that he never questioned anything much. The London group, without leaders to make it articulate, bubbled over with petty dissensions.

Cutting across the religious faction in the Pilgrim colony and intensifying ill-feeling, was the stultifying hand of Communism. Individual enterprise was sapped. There was no gain for any to work harder

than the feeblest and laziest. The product of all hands went into the common store, and all mouths fed alike.

Within three years, the colony was on the verge of starvation from friction and indolence. Husbands were discontented that their wives were assigned by the government to act as public servants, washing and cooking for such members of the community as they were ordered to serve. Bradford makes no mention of the wives' point of view.

For weeks before her first child was born, Priscilla would drag herself wearily home each night on the verge of tears, exhausted from the personal labor she had been ordered to do for others, from scrubbing Bradford's heavy clothes to lugging water in iron pots. Alden grew bitter. She had no strength to care for him. He protested, but even his protests were for a time in vain. Soon others joined him, and the protests swelled to a mighty chorus. Every one soldiered on the job as much as possible.

By the summer of 1623, things had come to such a pass that private property was timidly and cautiously introduced. This, says Bradford, "had very good success; for it made all hands very industrious, so as much more corne was planted than otherwaise would have bene by any means the gov-

ernor or any other could use, and gave farr better contente. The women now went willingly into the field and took their litle-ons with them to set corne, which before would aledg weaknes and inabilitie; whom to have compelled would have bene thought great tiranie and oppression." The next year it was discovered to be socially prudent to allot an acre to each freeman in perpetuity.

Before the institution of private property was restored, the Pilgrims had fallen into the dangerous habit of thinking that the world owed them a living. As each ship came over, bringing more colonists, the bitterness against the merchant adventurers grew, for the backers of the enterprise sent on each ship scarcely more than enough food to see its passengers through the voyage. The colonists plaintively thought themselves neglected. In their condemnation of their backers, the Pilgrims apparently took no account at all of the amount of money the adventurers had already sunk, or of the fact that the mere sending over the human reënforcements was in itself an expensive additional investment and help to the colony.

It was scarcely unreasonable for the adventurers to expect the Pilgrims, settled in fertile country, with abundant fish and game at hand, to be able to

be self-supporting in the matter of food as soon as the first harvest was gathered. But the sectarians had begun to take themselves seriously as the elect of God.

That they were in want, would be ample testimony to their lack of industry, even without the direct word of Bradford. Meanwhile other troubles were at hand.

A sail appeared on the horizon. Hasty preparations were made for defense, in the fear that the ship was French or Spanish.

To the great relief of the colonists, the ship turned out to be English. The relief was soon lessened by the news that here was the vanguard of a rival colony destined for Massachusetts Bay.

Thomas Weston, the London ironmonger, undaunted by the utter loss of his money in the Pilgrim venture, had severed his connection with it and was seeking to recoup with a plantation of his own in New England. He had secured a grant and had adequately supplied this expedition of sixty men. He had decided that a colony run on sound business lines, with no religious nonsense, would make big profits.

Among the colonists was one destined for twenty years to prove a gaudy thorn in the side of the

Puritans. "He that played Proteus (with the help of Priapus)," he wrote of himself, "put their noses out of joint, as the proverb is."

This lusty Cavalier, tall, dark and handsome, a fun-loving Royalist, High Churchman and Nimrod, who disported and drank with the Indians and boasted that red "lasses in beaver coats were welcome to us night and day," styled himself Thomas Morton, of Clifford's Inn, Gent. On his present trip he stayed only through the summer, but he carried away such a love of New England that despite arrests, deportation, imprisonment and threats of sudden death at the hands of outraged Puritans, he kept coming back for more while life lasted.

During his stay at Plymouth, Morton was quartered with Brewster. He curbed his exuberance in deference to his hosts. He struck up an acquaintance with Winslow, who was more the sort of man he could understand, and for a time Winslow's piety was regrettably lightened. Priscilla was anxious to meet this man who could have such an effect on Winslow. Still she did not quite trust him. He said such shocking things.

Standish and Morton became enemies from the first time they set eyes on each other, as was natural. The Cavalier seized upon the nickname, Captain

Shrimp, and used it always to the spluttering captain's face. Bradford had no use for the newcomers, though he enforced a frigid hospitality.

Later when Morton became "Mine Host of Merrymount," whose scandalous Maypole activities were such a stench in Puritan nostrils, those who at first had been friendly with him at Plymouth were considerably embarrassed. When he published his *New English Canaan,* ridiculing the Puritans, above all for their mean living and penury, they were wild. Of this stay at Plymouth, Morton said, "We were popular while our liquors lasted, but turned adrift afterward."

The frank Cavalier zest for life that Morton brought so inauspiciously to the bleak shores of New England, he embodied in his book. It is one of the few documents of the time that gives other than the Puritan picture. Morton wrote some picturesque and bland mistruths, but his prejudice is so obvious that it is not hard to discount. Bradford was more literal, but zeal and earnestness make his writing often as difficult to trust as any other war communique.

When the rest of Weston's new colony arrived, all went to Wessagusset, on Boston Bay, but a few hours' sail from Plymouth.

It was good riddance on both sides. Bradford wrote of the visitors in July, "though many were well whipped for a few ears of corn, yet hunger made others to venture."

From the start, the Pilgrims regarded Weston as a traitor for having sent this new colony over, and fervently hoped for its early failure. The religious leaders had grown hard. They wanted success on their own terms.

The newcomers showed the Pilgrims the way to the Maine fishing stations, where it was possible to beg and buy food from the captains. In the autumn they supplied the ship in which they and the Pilgrims went south to barter corn from the Indians. On this trip Squanto died and the Pilgrim shallop was lost, but a good quantity of venison was obtained, as well as thirty hogsheads of corn and beans.

Why, with this added supply, augmented by game and fish, both colonies were soon again in want, remains a puzzle. Bradford refers to the Wessagusset people as indolent and weak. With sour delight he writes that one who went digging for clams got stuck in the mud and died there, too feeble to drag his feet out. Yet Bradford, after heaping all the insults in the dictionary upon the newcomers, re-

cords that the lack of food at Plymouth was about as bad.

Early in the spring, Weston's men in desperation decided to raid the Indians for food. They were decent enough to warn Plymouth of their intention. The Pilgrims, who on landing had stolen all the Indian corn they could lay their hands on, with the same resolution to satisfy the owners (what good is pay after food is gone?), now answered with haughty righteousness. They informed Wessagusset that if such a shocking thing were done, they would see to it that the perpetrators were held responsible. Such outrageous unfairness to the Indians, they held, would endanger the life of every white man on the coast.

Weston's men obligingly bowed before these new-found Pilgrim scruples, and resigned themselves to slow starvation, alleviated now and then by selling their clothes to the Indians, by doing menial service for food, and by individual sneak-thieving of Indian corn. The new colony lost its morale completely.

At the Indian demand, a repeated thief was hanged at Wessagusset. Morton elaborated the incident, saying it was proposed, and all but ordered, that one who was sick and infirm be hanged instead

of the malefactor, who was hale and hearty and might be of service in defense. The fabrication is immortalized in the poem by Samuel Butler which begins,

> *"Our Brethren in New England use*
> *Choice malefactors to excuse,*
> *And hang the guiltless in their stead*
> *Of whom the churches have less need."*

The Pilgrim worthies looked with grim satisfaction upon the misfortunes of their sister colony. Then an incident occurred which they simply could not brook.

Standish had gone with a party of men to recover the wrecked shallop and continue trading. When he reached a village of the Massachusetts tribe, he went to the hut of the chief. He was snubbed. The chief was talking to another Indian and in a dignified manner ignored the captain completely. Standish stomped out in high dudgeon and went fuming back to Plymouth.

This is the point where Longfellow, by juggling the dates, represents the Captain of Plymouth as still smarting under the blow of his recent rejec-

tion by Priscilla, and taking private vengeance upon the red man.

Standish went with eight men to Wessagusset, took matters in hand, established order and rationed food. He thus had nearly sixty under his command. With the added superiority of guns, one would think these would have felt themselves a match for the Massachusetts, who could muster only thirty or forty braves.

The Pilgrim commander, however, chose stealth. On the pretense of having come for trade, he lured the two chiefs who had snubbed him into a block-house, and there, without warning, outnumbering them three or four to one, murdered them with their own knives. Four other Indians were killed.

Poetic tradition records that on the handle of the knife of Wituwamat was the face of a woman. The Indian told Standish he had another at home with the face of a man, and that by and by they would marry and have many children. Standish cut off Wituwamat's head as a trophy and took it to Plymouth.

It is too late in the day, and scarcely meet for us, whose prosperity is squarely based upon the eviction of the red man, to indulge in sentimentality over his sufferings. We may well marvel, however, at the

sternness of the Pilgrim logic that made them feel their bloody show of force in March was righteous, and would teach the Indians respect, while an expedition from Wessagusset two months before to steal grain with murder only incidental, would have been heinous and have aroused Indian resentment.

One difference was that Weston's colony was now too far gone to recover its morale. If it had been able to get food two months before, it might have survived and prospered, much to the Pilgrim distaste. Now the disheartened colonists sailed northward to the fishing stations, there to disperse and make their way back to England as best they could.

With a salute of ordnance to celebrate their victory, Standish and his men returned to Plymouth. The whole colony gathered at the shore to greet them. Under the glorious spring sun they marched in military formation from the shallop. Standish strutted before, bearing aloft on his sword the bronzed head of Wituwamat.

A cheer rent the air. Something in Priscilla froze as she heard that cheer and saw the bloody trophy. She turned her eyes away.

With the whole colony clustered around, the procession moved on to the meeting house. Standish was raised to the shoulders of one of his men. He

impaled the terrible head upon the corner post. He spat upon it. A little boy, watching, cleared his throat and spat in imitation. Priscilla turned and fled.

In the darkened room that was her home, her infant daughter was asleep in its cradle. Priscilla looked down at the tranquil face, then flung herself upon the ground and cried. Suddenly she sat up. A gleam of understanding came to her eyes. Now she knew Dorothy Bradford in her heart.

Priscilla hated Plymouth. She hated the Pilgrims. She hated God. But she was frightened. Her own awfulness frightened her. How could she be sure of herself, alone?

The comment of Robinson, the Leyden pastor, on the butchery of the Indians gave her new courage to believe she was right. "How happy a thing had it been if you had converted some before you killed any," he wrote.

She felt that the ill-will against Weston was mean in spirit for men who professed to walk in Christ. One of the loudest complaints against Wessagusset had been that these newcomers had paid too much for furs, and raised the price. Still, there was plenty of profit to be had, even if the Fathers were forced

to give twice as many beads for pelts worth a fortune in England.

Above all, Priscilla remembered that her father had spoken well of Weston, had liked and respected him. Shortly after his plantation was broken up, Weston himself arrived to look over the situation. Cast away en route in a small boat and robbed by the Indians, even of his clothes, he finally managed to get to Plymouth. Priscilla saw to it that he got outfitted again.

Bradford says that out of pity for his condition and out of consideration for their former relation, they gave him clothes and a hundred beaver skins to trade with. Bradford's account betrays little of either pity or consideration. His tone does not indicate that the loan was made with any great good grace, or with any recognition of the slight value of a hundred beaver skins compared to the sum Weston had sunk in their own enterprise. The ironmonger and his former protégés soon were bitter enemies. Bradford records with evident glee each piece of bad luck that befalls him, until at last, after arrests and bitter failures, he disappears from the scene and is swallowed up in Virginia.

The general clamor that continued against the Communism of the colony was aided in July, 1623,

by the arrival of a group of settlers who were to live within the plantation, but were not to join in the communistic experiment. They were to have their own land. Jealousy arose on both sides.

The private settlers had brought their own food and other supplies. They feared the starving colonists might throw this all into the common stock. On the other hand, those of the original company worried lest the newcomers enter unfairly into the fruit of their labors.

A compromise was reached. Ill-feeling continued. The private settlers had come to take up the land and make a living. They had not been forewarned that this was a new Jerusalem. The general odor of sanctity they found unpleasant.

The original London element and the second shipload that had come over (the ones who had tried to celebrate Christmas) naturally took heart from this increase of sympathizers. The religious leaders, in complete control of the Communistic company, had by this time decided to keep their feet on the road to Zion at all costs. They deported those of the newcomers most actively disaffected.

This exclusiveness grew as time went on, despite the urgent need of new blood. In after years a law was passed that no one could become a householder

without the approval of the Council and the Governor. A shipload of colonists bound for Virginia were driven ashore at Plymouth. They were all compelled by the magistrates to go away, except a few that "carried themselves very orderly."

John Oldham, one of the newly arrived private planters, soon became spokesman for the London contingent. Those less rigidly Separatist than the Pilgrim leaders clustered about him. They had a reasonable enough case. They were unlucky in their choice of leaders.

Meanwhile, Winslow had gone to England on business for the colony. His *Good News from New England,* published while he was in London, shows how firmly he had grown to be an orthodox Pilgrim. It warned idlers and persons with a dainty tooth not to attempt to join. The next spring he returned to Plymouth with three heifers and a bull (the first neat cattle brought over), as well as a ship-carpenter, a salt man and a minister, an "honest plaine man, though none of the most eminente and rare."

Of these four importations, the cattle proved a great success.

"The ship-carpenter is an honest and very industrious man, quickly builds us two very good and strong shallops, with a great and strong lighter,

and had hewn timber for two ketches; but this is spoilt; for in the hot season of the year he falls into a fever and dies, to our great loss and sorrow."

The salt man was no use at all, requisitioned great numbers of men to work for him, and produced nothing, burning up the salt house and pans.

The minister, John Lyford, was of the Church of England, like many Puritans. The merchant adventurers who had sent him over thought a moderate religious leader might end the sectarian contentiousness that was a brake on the prosperity of the colony. They had reckoned without their host. Lyford proved a rarer specimen than they knew.

He arrived just in time to baptize Priscilla's second child, John Alden, Jr. For generations in New England infants were baptized in the icy or sweltering meeting house on the first Sunday after birth, regardless of health or extremities of weather. Judge Sewall records in his diary: "A very extraordinary Storm by reason of the falling and driving of the Snow. Few women could get to Meeting. A child named Alexander was baptised in the afternoon."

The whining John, Jr., dressed in fine linen, was carried to church by the midwife, a character to reckon with, and was held up during the service by

his prideful father. Alden suppressed his wild joy and simply grinned from ear to ear as the parson spoke. Priscilla stood nearby, with little Elizabeth in her arms.

When the ceremony was over, Priscilla took John, Jr., wrapped in his "bearing cloth," and sat out by the door, where she could attend to both her children's wants as the services continued. Surely there was a charm and directness about this feature of New England life that many have missed. Babes were brought to meeting house, not only on the first Sunday of their lives, but perforce upon every succeeding Lord's Day. Every one else went. If they had stayed home, there was none to tend them. On pleasant days, young mothers sat just outside the door or on the porch, feeding their infants to still their cries, and watching cannily their other wants while keeping an ear open for the sermon.

In those happy days babies were not disciplined by the inexorable priests of science to rule their appetites by the clock. They soon learned that their cries brought the comforting breast, whose delight surpasseth all understanding. They cried often, and were satisfied. They were not weaned until they were three or four years old. It was a fine, free life, before modern medicine introduced its regimen,

whose every hour holds more repressions for the child than the sternest code the Puritan invented.

After the baptism of little John Alden, the family, with the chief men of the congregation, returned home to consult the charts of the stars and predict the child's future. It was a happy gathering. Drinks were abundant. Lyford prophesied with grace and eloquence. It was natural that the Puritan believed implicitly in Astrology. Hath not God fixed the stars in their courses for our guidance? Did not the Kings follow the Star of Bethlehem to their eternal glory? Predestination was their most fixed tenet. They looked down upon tiny, squirming John, Jr., and sealed his fate, while Priscilla listened in rapt attention.

Lyford was heard with the greatest respect. He was the first minister who had come to live with the Pilgrims, and they were at great pains to show him every honor, to pay him every courtesy, to overlook every shortcoming. When he had landed, he had shed such copious tears of humility, fawned so as to embarrass the least sensitive member of the congregation, and allied himself at once with the disaffected Oldham forces. Oldham was a bluff, energetic fellow, honest enough, but a little insane. Morton called him "a mad Jack in his mood."

Lyford and Oldham were a perfect musical comedy pair to plot together. Their plot was so deep-dyed, they could not even keep it to themselves. A ship was about to leave for England and they began ostentatiously writing letters, filled with complaints, slanders and imbecilities as well as truths. They boasted about the letters, and went about openly laughing up their sleeves.

Secretly Bradford seized the letters and held them until Lyford and Oldham set up a public meeting apart. Then he called a general court. They denied his accusations. He confronted them with what they had written. Both were shown up so thoroughly that their followers had to desert them. They were ordered banished. Lyford was given a six months' stay. Long before it was up, he had wept himself back into the good graces of the congregation, humbling himself before them as "unsavorie salt."

Soon Oldham boldly returned to the colony at election time. The authorities were puzzled to know what to do, and for a time he was severely ignored. Then he became violent. Of the gay moment in New England history that followed, Bradford and Morton for once write in substantial accord.

"They committed him till he was tamer," says

Bradford, "and then appointed a guard of musketeers which he was to pass through, and every one was ordered to give him a thump on the breech with the butt end of his musket."

"His exile was arranged," chimes in Morton, "after a solemne invention in this manner: A lane of musketiers was made and hee compelled in scorne to passe along betweene, and to receave a bob upon the bumme by every musketier and then aboard a shallop and so conveyed to Wessaguscus shoare."

When Morton and Bradford agree, we may be sure that Oldham left. Lyford remained. Despite his lachrymose protests that he was in perfect agreement with the Separatist ideals of church and state, he was caught writing more scandalous letters.

Again sentenced to exile, his wife suddenly broke down and confessed to a dark past in his life, fearing that if she were banished, the good Lord would let the Indians handle her as he had handled other women. She revealed that he had had a bastard before marriage, whom he had brought to live with her.

Worse scandal was in store. Winslow had been checking up on Lyford in the old country, and learned the parson had been run out of Ireland.

There, a godly young man had asked the minis-

ter's advice about marrying a local maid. Lyford "promised faithfully to inform him, but would first take better knowledge of her and have private conference with her; and so had sundry times; and in conclusion commended her highly to the young man as a very fit wife for him."

Lyford was not one to give such advice on trivial evidence. Soon the woman wept and mourned and confessed to her husband that "Lyford had overcome her and defiled her body before marriage, after he had commended him unto her for a husband, and she resolved to have him when he came to her in that private way.

"The circumstances I forbear," Bradford continues, "for they would offend chaste ears to hear them related (for though he satisfied his lust on her, he yet endeavored to hinder conception)."

Lyford left Plymouth as fast as he had left Ireland.

In that day the great cleavage had not yet developed between the Protestant and Catholic churches over birth control.

Such was the first minister of the Pilgrims in the new world. The next try was two years later, when they brought from England "one Mr. Rodgers, a young man, for minister," who within twelve

months, "proving crazied in his brain, they were forced to be at further charge in sending him back, after losing all the cost expended in bringing him over, which was not small."

The third attempt of the Pilgrim flock to get a spiritual shepherd was in 1629, when they picked up a Mr. Smith, discarded by the Salem colony. He exercised his gifts among them for many years. Alden Bradford, in his *History of Massachusetts,* records that Smith was of an odd temperament, and supposed sometimes to be slightly insane.

Some historians have ventured to explain this remarkable incidence of brain-fag among the Pilgrim ministers as due to an understandable desire on the part of the thrifty Puritan Jahveh not to waste any heavy talent here when it was so much more urgently needed elsewhere. Perhaps it was just the frankness of the Fathers, who called a spade a spade, even when it was a Jack in the Pulpit.

Chapter IX: *The Maypole of Merrymount*

THE unfortunate Lyford was still receiving the attentions of Plymouth when Thomas Morton of Clifford's Inn, Gent., reappeared upon the Massachusetts scene.

This time he was a partner of one Captain Wollaston, who brought many servants for a private plantation in the Virginia style, and settled on the site of the present city of Quincy, a little north of Wessagusset. He soon decided that there was little profit to be had in New England and left, with most of his servants, for Virginia.

Morton persuaded the seven others to stay under his leadership and trade with the Indians. They rechristened the establishment Merrymount, set out a barrel of beer and a case of bottles to attract customers, and started doing a land office business in furs, as well as having a high good time.

"They allso set up a May-pole," wrote Bradford, "drinking and dancing aboute it many days together, inviting the Indian women, for their consorts, dancing and frisking together (like so many fairies,

or furies, rather) and worse practices. As if they had anew revived and celebrated the feasts of the Roman Goddes Flora, or the beastly practices of the madd Bacchinalians."

Morton, in the true Cavalier tradition, enjoyed all sports, outdoor and indoor, and indulged them all. He found the Indians good drinking companions. He liked to watch the childlike joy that crept over their stolid faces as he initiated them into the mysteries of the beef and beer and sports of Merrie England. His Maypole was eighty feet high, with a pair of buck's horns on top and "Sundrie rimes and verses affixed."

Robert Herrick's poem, *Corinna's Maying,* written at this time in England, gives us a concept of the romantic zest the Maying held. It begins, "Get up, get up for shame!" It well repays rereading.

Suffice it that the Maypole dance of the seventeenth century was not the child's play into which it has degenerated in our day and age, but was a serious exercise. While witches rode their broomsticks on Walpurgis Night, the young people would steal out on the stroke of twelve, flock to the woods with music and the blowing of horns, break branches, bedeck themselves with crowns of flowers

and with nosegays, with hawthorn and sycamore, with hoops of hazel. On May Day the pole was erected and worshiped.

"Against May, Whitsonday, or other time," noted an observer in England, "all the young men and maids, old men and wives, run gadding over night to the woods, groves, hils and mountains, where they spend all the night in pleasant pastimes; and in the morning they return, bringing with them birch and branches of trees, to deck their assemblies withall. Of forty, three score or a hundred maids going to the woods over night, scarcely the third part of them returned home again undefiled."

For two years the gay Cavalier flaunted this sort of scandal under the very noses of the Pilgrim Fathers. To these frugal folk, trying to get on in the world, he represented everything they feared and turned from: Church, State and spendthrift jollity.

Yet not any of Morton's overt acts, nor all of them, could have stirred Plymouth's resentment so much as their manner. He did not mingle the pleasures of the flesh with the sweet joys of repentance. He did not yield to that subtlest of delights that comes from a consciousness of sin. Thus, even if he had gone clad in the whitest robes of purity, each brazen breath he drew still would have been an out-

rage against God. The Puritan, like the Catholic, was more horrified by wilfulness and persistence in error than by uncompounded error itself.

Willful persistence was Morton's specialty. His case raised no fine distinctions, for he had abundant error as well. Yet in many of his gay practices, the Puritans themselves were not far behind.

As we have seen, the Pilgrims were no Mohammedans on the subject of drink, when they could get any. Historians have argued the Puritan's temperance, but temperance is a matter of degree. The temperance of an Elder Brewster is not to be confused with the temperance of those of a later day who violate the mother tongue to make the word mean abstinence.

The Pilgrims at first could not afford to import beer, but as soon as they had grown corn they put it to the most fit use they could think of. Soon they learned to cheat on this home-brew, raising its alcoholic content by adding molasses. Elder Brewster was the guiding genius of the flock.

As prosperity increased and rum grew relatively cheap through its primary importance to the slave trade, Puritan thirsts and Puritan standards became tolerably broad. Cotton Mather laments:

"There are knotts of riotous Young Men in the

Town. On purpose to insult Piety, they will come under my Window in the Middle of the Night, and sing profane and filthy Songs. The last Night they did so, and fell upon People with Clubs, taken off my Wood-pile."

Yet imbibing was not confined to the ungodly; ordinations of ministers and dedications of churches were the chief Puritan occasions. Since a minister was "ordained" each time he was installed in a new church, and the clergy invited for miles around, opportunity knocked often. Temporary bars were installed at the church door, with free drinks for the entire assemblage. Records of these expenditures that have come down to us confirm the plaintive cry of John Adams, "If the ancients drank wine as our people drink rum and cider, it is no wonder we hear of so many possessed with devils."

The exaltation of the ministers at the dedication of the Old Tunnel Meeting House of Lynn, in 1682, may be judged from excerpts from a participant's account: "Ye Deddication Dinner was had in ye greate barn of Mr. Hoode." Fowls kept roosting over the table, with unsavory results that might be expected. At a splash in his soup, "Mr. Shepard's face did turn very red and he catched up an apple and hurled it at ye birds. But he thereby made a

bad matter worse for ye fruit being well aimed it hit ye legs of a fowl and brought him floundering and flopping down on ye table, scattering gravy, sauce and divers things upon our garments and in our faces. But this did not well please some, yet with most it was a happening that made great merriment.

"To crown all, we had plenty of good cider and ye inspiring Barbadoes drink. Most of ye young members of ye Council would fain make a jolly time of it. Mr. Gerish, ye Wenham minister, did once greviously scandalize Mr. Shepard, who on suddenly looking up from his dish did spy him, as he thot, winking in an unbecoming way to one of ye pretty damsels. It turned out that ye winking was occasioned by some of ye hay seeds that were blowing about, lodging in his eye; whereat Mr. Shepard felt greatly relieved.

"Mr. Gerish was in such merry mood that he kept ye end of the table whereby he sat in right jovial humor. In ye middest of ye merriment a strange disaster did happen unto him. He endeavored ye dangerous performance of gaping and laughing at the same time. In doing this he set his jaws open in such wise that it was beyond all his power to bring them together again. His agonie was very great. Mr. Rogers who knoweth something of

anatomy did bid ye sufferer to sit down on ye floor, which being done Mr. Rogers took ye head atween his legs, and then gave a powerful blow and then a sudden press which brot ye jaws into working order."

"One of ye Salem delegates, in boastfully essaying to crack a walnut between his teeth did crack, instead of ye nut, a most useful doubel tooth." There were "mawdlin songs and much roistering laughter. So noble and savory a banquet was never before spread in this nobel town, God be praised."

The church-raising was another bibulous event. "Rhum and Cacks" is a frequent entry in the accounts of the early congregations for "raring the Meeting hows." At the building of Medford's second church, workers and spectators were given five barrels of rum, one barrel of brown sugar and a box of fine lemons. Two thirds of the frame fell, injuring many. At last it became the practice to reserve the craftsmen's liquor ration until after the day's work was done.

In 1675, Cotton Mather said every second house in Boston was an ale-house. Governor Pownall, a century later, made the same count. Hard cider was freely drunk, even by children at breakfast, until as late as 1825. John Adams said he "was fired with

a zeal, amounting to enthusiasm, against ardent spirits, the multiplication of taverns, retailers and dram shops, and tippling houses." He attempted to have the number reduced. "But I only acquired the reputation of a hypocrite and an ambitious demagogue." His idea of temperance is indicated by the fact that to the end of his life he drank a large tankard of hard cider each morning before breakfast.

Nor was Puritan bawdiness confined to strong drink. Rev. John Cotton, the grandfather of Cotton Mather, testifies to the lewd dancing prevalent in his early New England day, saying he does not condemn "even mixt" dancing as a whole, but "lascivious dancing to wanton ditties with amorous gestures and wanton dalliances."

Thus there were enough beams in the Puritan eye to have enabled them to overlook the motes of Morton's deeds. It was his attitude that made him a marked man. Worst of all, his wickedness prospered mightily. Indians flocked for miles around to share in the fun at Merrymount, and pay. Furs poured in, pelts of the bear and the otter, marten skins and beaver, deer skins that were valued at four beaver and skins of the black wolf worth forty.

The volume of the business may be judged from Bradford's statement that oftentimes the Indians

would drink £10 worth of liquor in a morning at Merrymount. That is, $300 worth in present money. That was a deal of liquor in those days, and the red men, who had no idea of the value of their furs, paid for it exorbitantly. Bradford says he never knew beaver skins to bring less than fourteen shillings a pound in England, so we may easily credit Morton's assertion that one of his servants accumulated £1,000 in five years.

Puritans themselves did not always remain averse to selling liquor to the Indians. In the Massachusetts Bay colony in 1644, "the court apprehending that it is not fit to deprive the Indians of any lawful comfort which God alloweth to all men by the use of wine, do order that it shall be lawful for all such as are or shall be allowed license to retail wines, to sell also to the Indians so much as may be fit for their needful use or refreshing."

Morton seems to have been the first to hit upon this stimulus to trade. The Pilgrims were too poor in liquor at the first to waste much upon the red man. Morton's hospitality and sense of good fellowship aided him in another way.

Trading vessels were passing along the shore with ever-increasing frequency. The masters naturally preferred to deal with Morton, a man after their

own heart. They made it a point to stop at his settlement. He was thus enabled to get a quick turnover, while Plymouth, hampered by the red tape of its organization and the necessity of shipping furs to the English market, languished in trade.

The Pilgrims, in common with later New Englanders, thought themselves shrewd. Their most bitter and most binding complaints against the ill-fated Wessagusset colonists had been that these had ignorantly raised the Indian prices on skins, swindling the Indians a little less.

Morton raised the ante still further, which was more intolerable than his immoralities. In his trading he had the enormous advantage of good will. His fraternizing with the Indians, far from making them lose respect for the white man, as his enemies asserted, was indeed closely parallel to the French system of colonization by which at that very time in another section France was gaining a strangle hold on the fur trade of America, and making of the Indians firm allies.

Morton liked the Indians, made friends with them, and frankly set out to use them to get as many furs as possible. To this end he gave them such values in commodities they wanted, as to make them overcome their inveterate laziness and hunt systemati-

cally. He sold them guns, and he taught them to shoot to increase their efficiency in getting pelts.

Plymouth was outraged. The sectarians, who feared the Indians as Children of Ham and especially appointed agents of the Evil One, naturally were as amazed at the audacity of letting them have guns as they were immune to the idea of trying to understand and make friends with them, or scandalized at miscegenation. The first two of these prejudices continued throughout the early history of New England, though the third waned. Familiarity bred more than contempt.

An astounding number of the early colonists went native, finding the Indian way of life more satisfying. A woman, Eunice Williams, kidnaped at the Deerfield massacre, refused to return to civilization, despite all entreaties. Competent authorities assert that for every Indian civilized on this continent, more than a hundred whites were Indianized. Perhaps these may be fairly barred from evidence, since they were generally a scandal in the community.

Indian slaves as domestic servants were frequent, however, and if it be thought that they did not receive the same attentions from the head of the household that have characterized such slavery since time began, the tone of the following letter will show

the attitude of the time. It was written to Governor Winthrop by one Israel Stoughton, concerning the disposition of fifty Pequot women and children captives.

"There is a little squa that Steward Calacot desires to whom he hath given a coate. Liftenenant Davenport also desires one, to witt a tall one that hath three stroakes upon her stummack thus ! ! ! . He desires her if it will stand with your good liking: the Solomon ye Indian desireth a young little squa which I know not, but I leave all to your dispose." The letter still exists with the endorsement of Governor Winthrop, "Received the 5th month 6th day 1637."

The plain truth is that Morton's Indian trade hit Plymouth below the belt, where it was the habit of the day to carry the pocketbook. Bradford recounts with righteous ire how the price of furs went higher and higher, until finally the Indians practically refused to give away their furs for any amount at all of wampum and trinkets when rum and guns were available instead. "They became madd, as it were, after these, and would not stick to give any prise they could attaine to for them."

As agitation at Plymouth was reaching fever heat, Alden and Priscilla moved to Duxbury across the

bay, even closer to the iniquitous Merrymount plantation. Priscilla was tired of contentions and glad to get away. She had been married six years. The care of her house and of her children—she had four now—absorbed all her energies, without mixing in the affairs of the community.

All she wanted was peace. She let Alden go his way without interference. He proved an apt pupil of the extremists. Often he acted on the council of war, where he was staunch in support of Standish, and prominent in the enforcement of rigorous laws against the Quakers.

Moving was indeed a chore when Priscilla and John set out with their children. Standish had moved before them. George Soule, who had come on the *Mayflower* as servant to Winslow, had also settled there. There were larger fields to be had at Duxbury, and less restraint on enterprise. Glad to be going, the family moved all its goods to the shore and stowed them away in a shallop.

Priscilla sat with her brood of four among her possessions, as the sails filled and the good boat set forth. The children laughed and wept and got into mischief exactly as children would on a similar expedition to-day.

Though tots of that time addressed their fathers

and mothers as "honored sir and madam" or "esteemed parent," their lives were not far different from those of children of every age, the world over. The continuity of the germ plasm was as fixed then as now. Children of the Puritans were no more patterned on the ideas of their parents than the babes of our own Fundamentalists are prevented by the mothers' disbelief in evolution from enacting in their mothers' bellies the pageant of the evolution of the race.

Mother Goose was not available until 1725, but there were rimes and tales aplenty that had come down through the ages at the mother's knee. Children learned their letters and copybook maxims from "hornbooks," hung around their necks, the pages covered with semitransparent sheets of horn to protect them from wet, sticky little fingers.

Football, skating and wicket were permitted. Swimming was indulged in on the sly. Fishing and hunting were naturally encouraged. The restraint to which Priscilla's children were subjected, no matter what their parents tried to do, was certainly less than the restraint upon children of even the wealthiest and laxest families in our great cities to-day.

In one other important respect children were more free. Manners were not highly complicated. A

widely circulated New England etiquette book warned children, "Spit nowhere in the room but in the corner." Forks were used only as kitchen tools until quite late in New England history. When they were introduced by the upper classes for table use, they were long resisted as un-American, the product of effete Europe. In Priscilla's time, meals were gulped with the knife from wooden trenchers.

The new house at Duxbury was more commodious than the old. It had three rooms instead of one, though sanitary arrangements were as slight. To Priscilla and John Alden their new house was the latest word. In it they settled down once more to the routine of living. Isolated though they were, news of the misdoings of Morton continued to reach them.

In the spring of 1628, Pilgrim resentment reached such a pitch that it was decided something must be done. Plymouth peremptorily ordered the Cavalier to mend his ways. A hurry call was sent to Duxbury for Miles Standish, and he returned to the mother colony. Morton had answered with much heat and some truth that the Pilgrims were overreaching their authority. He was not within their patent. He was disobeying no law, he maintained.

"They sente to him a second time and bad him be

better advised, and more temperate in his termes, or the countrie could not bear the injurie he did; it was against their common saftie, and against the king's proclamation."

The King's proclamation had prohibited selling arms to Indians. Morton maintained, "with oaths and other contumelies," that the proclamation was no longer in force. He appears to have had legal right on his side. The Pilgrims, however, were in no mood to quibble over legality, even if they had had the background to understand the somewhat complicated technicality involved. They decided to act.

When it became known that five of Morton's seven retainers were away in the country, trading, Standish proceeded with eight picked men to Wessagusset. Morton was lured there from Merrymount and seized. With a calm assertion of his rights as an English subject, the playboy acted most innocent, demanding to know the charges against him, the specific laws he had offended, and the author of the charges. Standish gruffly refused to answer. He felt a special personal grievance against this man Morton, who had always called him Captain Shrimp.

The prisoner was put in the blockhouse for the night, with six guards over him. One slept on either

side of his pallet. In celebration of the capture, however, the Plymouth expedition indulged in the fruit of the vine. The guards fell into a deep sleep. In the middle of the night, during a thunderstorm, Morton stole away.

The banging of the outer door aroused one of the guards. Morton describes the resultant scene:

"The word which was given with an alarme was —O, he's gon!—he's gon!—what shell wee doe, he's gon!—the rest (halfe a sleepe) start up in a maze, and, like rames, ran theire heads one at another full butt in the dark. Their grand leader, Captain Shrimp, took on most furiously, and tore his clothes for anger to see the empty nest and their bird gone. The rest were eager to have torne theire haire from theire heads; but it was so short, it would give them no hold."

Through the blackness Morton stumbled back to his plantation, about a mile away in a straight line, but eight miles by the detour which an intervening river forced him to take. He wakened his two retainers and prepared to defend Merrymount. He told the story of how he had outwitted the Plymouth men, and many drinks were consumed in laughing over it.

The more he thought about it, the less serious the

whole matter seemed. He became greatly impressed with his impregnable legal position. He did not reckon with the lack of erudition of the Pilgrim Fathers. He continued to drink.

In the morning Standish and his men marched right up and banged upon the door. "They came within danger like a flock of wild geese," wrote Morton, "or as if they had been tailed one to another as colts to be sold at a fair."

Morton staggered out and was arrested. That his weapon was charged half way to the muzzle is evidence of how well he had imbibed. One of his retainers, swaying after, ran "his owne nose upon the pointe of a sword that one held out before him as he entered the house." Bradford commented tersely, "He lost but a little of his hott blood."

Morton was taken to Plymouth for trial. Some of the magistrates favored immediate execution, and Standish threatened to kill the prisoner with his own hands if that sentence were not passed. In the end it was determined to deport him to England and let him face the charges there. He was sent in the custody of Oldham, who had made his peace with Plymouth the year before. The Cavalier had been right about his legal position. He was not even prosecuted.

Soon the Pilgrims sent Allerton to England to negotiate for a royal patent. Allerton, by his second marriage, was related to Brewster, and so Plymouth had to put up with anything he did. He found Morton a handy intermediary in his negotiations. He made friends with him.

Eighteen months after he had been ushered out, Morton was back in godly Plymouth, living in Allerton's house as a guest. We may understand the acidity of Bradford's account:

"Mr. Allerton gave them great and just offence in this in bringing over this year, for base gaine, that unworthy man and instrumente of mischeefe, Morton. Allerton's transactions were not ended till many years, to the great loss and vexation of the plantation, who in the end were (for peace sake) forced to bear the unjust burthen of them, to their allmost undoing."

Allerton soon returned to England and was not suffered to leave Morton behind, but was "caused to pack him away." The Cavalier returned to the old stand at Merrymount, and began again in his gay old ways.

During his absence, however, there had appeared upon the New England scene one who was to go down in history as the embodiment of the sternest,

narrowest and most ruthless Puritanism. John Endicott, who once cut the cross of St. George from the flag because it savored of Popery, was not one to stand by idly with a Morton in his midst. He and his company were the forerunners of the flood of Puritanism that was shortly to populate Massachusetts.

In 1623 a group of English merchants with Puritan leanings had planted a village on Cape Ann, where they were joined by Oldham and Lyford when these were exiled. Shortly after, they took possession of a fishing stage built there by the Plymouth colony. Standish and a company went out with characteristic bluster to demand it back, but in the end retired ingloriously and built another. Roger Conant, who had come to Plymouth as an independent settler and removed to Cape Ann because he could not stomach the extreme Separatism and lack of business sense of the Pilgrims, acted as mediator. Later he was appointed manager of the Cape Ann colony and moved it to a safer site at Naumkeag.

A new patent was obtained by some of the original investors in England, and Endicott was sent with sixty men to take charge. He carried matters with a high hand, claiming jurisdiction over all of Massa-

chusetts Bay, and denying the private planters already settled the right to continue trading with the Indians. Conflicting land grants made the affair as dubious in law as it was outrageous in equity. For a second time Conant intervened in the interests of conciliation, and Naumkeag was rechristened Salem, the Hebrew word for peace.

Having heard of Merrymount, one of Endicott's first moves was to go there (while Morton was in England), cut down the "idoll Maypole," and tell the servants he hoped to hear of their "better walking, else they would find their merry mount but a woful mount." With the permanent Puritan passion for calling old things by new names, Merrymount was called Mount Dagon, after the god of the Philistines whose temple Samson ruined.

In 1629, the dictator of Salem sent an expedition to Merrymount for Morton's arrest. Morton had learned by his previous experience, however, and being tipped off in advance, hid in the woods with caches of ammunition and food when the magistrates came.

"The commissioners entred the howse and wilfully bent against mine honest Host that loved good hospitality. After they had feasted their bodies with that they found there, they carried all his corne

away, with some other of his goods; a small parcell of refuse corne only excepted, which they left mine Host to keepe Christmas with. But when they were gone, mine host fell to make use of his gunne, and feasted his body nevertheless with fowl and venison."

"Captain Littleworth," as Morton nicknamed Endicott, had his hands full that winter with famine and sickness at Salem, whereby a fourth of his company died, or else the tale of Morton probably would have ended now with an execution. That the Cavalier was making seven to one by his trade, while Salem was losing money, kept Puritan resentment keen.

In the following summer, John Winthrop arrived as Governor of the Massachusetts Bay colony. He brought 800 colonists and the Charter with him, as well as a *lettre de cachet* for Morton's deportation on a "foule suspition of murther." Again the charge was false, and Morton was never prosecuted after he reached England. He stayed for thirteen years, wrote his book, and agitated against his Puritan enemies, until in 1643 the old fever seized him and he returned to Massachusetts. He was arrested, kept in prison a year for his book and his

agitation, and then banished. He died two years later.

Among others who aided Morton in England in opposing the "New England Way" was Philip Ratcliff, a servant who came over with Winthrop and who very soon after "being convict of most foul scandalous invectives against our churches and government, was censured to be whipped, lose his ears, and be banished the plantation."

Another was Sir Christopher Gardiner, a gay blade like Morton, who lived, Bradford says, with a "comly younge woman, whom he caled his cousin, but it was suspected, she (after the Italian manner) was his concubine."

Gardiner had deserted two wives, one in Paris and the other in London, for the company of this "cousin." The two deserted ones got together, compared notes and wrote the Massachusetts authorities, who were only too glad to oblige and get a royalist and Churchman out of their jurisdiction. They attempted to arrest him, but he played hide-and-seek for some time. They caught his woman. With the peculiar ability of haughty blondes in all ages to put their feet in it, she maintained proudly that her consort was the nephew of the late Bishop of Winchester, Stephen Gardiner, who had been a notorious

persecutor of Puritans in the time of Queen Mary. He was arrested and let off with exile upon disproving the relationship. After a year in Maine, he returned to England.

Thus expeditiously did the Massachusetts Bay Puritans clear dissenters from their path. The men of Plymouth quite lost their breath to see how rapidly the newcomers worked, though they themselves had at last got rid of Billington by executing him for murder.

Whatever else the Pilgrims may have been, they were neither decisive nor efficient.

They established a trading house on the Penobscot, which they lost first to the French and then to Massachusetts Bay. Endicott had to suppress Morton for them. They were ousted from their fishing stage at Cape Ann.

By June 1, 1627, as shown by the division of cattle on that date, Plymouth, despite the additions, numbered only 156 inhabitants. It was hardly a success.

Men of different stamp than the Pilgrims, of sterner mettle, were destined to become the actual founders of New England.

PART THREE

Flood Tides of Righteousness

Chapter X: *Exodus*

IN the middle of the Book of Exodus, as the Children of Israel were fleeing their bondage, the Lord God looked upon them and said, "Thou art a stiffnecked people. Ye are a stiffnecked people."

The later migration of His people, the Puritans, affords many parallels.

In the onward march, both of Judaism and of Puritanism, which based itself squarely on the Old Testament, the mainspring was the hope of homes and wealth in a Promised Land. In each case religion furthered that aim.

The charter that brought Endicott to Salem and loosed the sluice-gates for the Puritan flood upon the Massachusetts shores was obtained the same month that Charles I disbanded Parliament. During the eleven years he reigned without legislative check, that mighty tide continued to swell. And the children of God were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty; and the land was filled with them.

When the Long Parliament finally met, the exodus ended abruptly. The Lord was about to deliver Egypt itself into the hand of his children. At this time, New England had a population of more than 20,000, of whom a scant 500 had arrived before 1629. There was no further migration for a hundred years into the land flowing with milk and honey.

The new Massachusetts Bay colony ebbed and flowed and spread until it had washed up its supporters or its outcasts to every corner of New England. Little Plymouth watched with cautious jealousy for a time and then was swamped.

To all intents and purposes, Plymouth might never have existed; the ultimate history of New England would have been the same. Long before political consolidation, the spiritual identity of Plymouth was lost.

In this age, it has become the habit to smile at the multitudes that claim descent from the *Mayflower,* and at the tons of furniture with pretensions to having come over on her eventful voyage. We need not smile. In a very true sense the Pilgrims were the progenitors of us all. Even though they were not to carry it to conspicuous triumph, they were the first to bring to this continent the heraldic

standard which was to conquer: *middle classes rampant, upon a field or.*

Steadily and surely Massachusetts Bay drifted away from the Church of England. Before the first summer was ended, Winthrop's company had definitely cut loose from religious ties, organizing as a Congregational church. In August, at the first Court of Assistants, theocracy was lifted to the saddle by provision for the support of the clergy at public expense. Every one was compelled to go to church, but only the elect were allowed to enter its communion. Civil suffrage was restricted to these.

Governor Winthrop himself illustrates the changing temper. The first entry in his *Journal,* telling of the departure of his fleet from England, is dated "Easter Monday." After he reached New England there was no further mention of church holidays.

The New England Way marched forward from that time. Massachusetts Bay rallied to the new colors with a harshness and rude vigor that brought disapproval even from Bradford. Gradually it weaned away the affections of Winslow from his own plantation.

Edward Winslow, the man of family and position —Edward Winslow, the man of perspective and

humor, finally went the whole hog. On a mission to England, he was haled up to answer Morton's charges of abetting irregularities. Though he equivocated and hedged, he was jailed four months in Fleet's prison. The experience embittered him.

Later, over the opposition of Bradford and other Pilgrim leaders, he undertook in England to defend the persecutions and intolerance of Massachusetts Bay. The commission which heard the case was packed with his friends and his quibbles succeeded.

He never returned to the New World. He threw in his lot with the Roundheads, holding one lucrative position after another, until finally he died of a fever en route to Jamaica, having received from Cromwell an appointment as naval commander at the fair salary of £1,000 per annum.

Two descendants, Edward Winslows, father and son, lived in Plymouth during the Revolution and served with distinction in the British forces. The younger became Muster Master General of H.M. Provincial Forces the same month that the Declaration of Independence was signed. Both died in Canada.

Liberalism and generosity did not flourish in the bleak New England air. "A chicken in every pot"

was the American watchword then as now. Doubtless there is much to be said for the viewpoint.

With the Reformation, the commercial, mercantile middle class had come to the fore. Indeed, the Reformation was part of its struggle, and introduced the Trinity of God, Business and Service which is our heritage. Following the plain dictates of the Bible, the Roman Church had forbidden all interest-taking, to which the word usury was inclusively applied with all its unpleasant force. Deuteronomy XXIII, 19, is quite specific: "Thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother; usury of money, usury of victuals, usury of any thing that is lent upon usury."

Thus the lucrative business of money-lending was handed over, gratis as Shylock said, to the Jews, for Holy Writ allowed them to mulct Christians through a characteristic rider to the prohibition: "Unto a stranger thou mayest lend upon usury, but unto thy brother thou shalt not lend upon usury."

Now letting Jews do all the money-changing is not good business, as any gentile banker in the land will tell you, if there be yet one who dares brave our rising tide of anti-gentile prejudice. Calvin discovered this early. It was one of his great secrets of success. Powerfully he raised his loud voice in the blessing of "interest," the euphemism introduced

as the real and inclusive meaning of usury began to be pushed from view.

Thus the Jew and his practices were brought into social approbation, and the process of infiltration begun. Christian gentlemen were not slow to learn from their mentors, and even surpassed. The Reformation marks the start of the Hebrew ascendancy that has now reached such flower in the Rothschild dynasty of Europe and in civilizations like that of the great Semitic city of New York.

Jews had been officially excluded from England from 1290 until Cromwell let down the bars and invited them to return. By the number of its wealthy converts, Protestantism may consider itself richly rewarded.

The Puritans, though they thought themselves Christian, were inspired by the Old Testament almost to the exclusion of the New. It was not until the rise of the Puritans that the word "provident" came to mean frugal and thrifty, enabling these qualities to claim their cousinship to Providence, God. The Puritans indeed opened the bulwarks of society to the Jew, but that was only incidental. Their great achievement was to place their own Christian world on the thrifty, profitable basis that earlier Christians designated Jewish. That appellation was

not racial, but derived only from the occupations to which Jews were restricted before the Reformation. Now the whole world from sun to sun is involved in these occupations. The Christian gentlemen have learned well.

Puritans in the New World paralleled the Hebrews in their Patriarchism, in their Old Testament adoration of wealth, in their acceptance of the Sabbath of the Pharisees, which Jesus and Paul so trenchantly denounced.

In their complete barrenness in the graphic arts, their poverty-stricken distrust of visual beauty, they offer another resemblance, breaking from the cultural standards of the Christian world of their time. The glory of the Italian Renaissance was a century old, the Taj Mahal was being built by Frenchmen in India during the early years of the settlement of Boston; Van Dyck was in England as Rubens had been a few years before. The Pilgrims absorbed nothing of the spirit of Frans Hals, who was at the height of his power when they sailed from Holland in the *Speedwell*. Later emigrants from Leyden brought no understanding of the craft of Rembrandt, born the same year as Priscilla Mullens.

One of Calvin's major achievements was the establishment of the cloth works upon a firm basis of

prosperity at Geneva. The intimate and permanent linking of the cloak and suit industry with a love for the Old Testament would make a subject for a Doctor's thesis as interesting as many.

We find that link again in England. A decline in the cloth trade and consequent unemployment in the region where Puritanism was strongest were large factors in the migration to America. Of Lincolnshire it was said, "there are many thousands in these parts who have soulde all they have even to theyr bedd straw, and cann not get worke to earne any munny. Dogg's flesh is a dainty dish."

The leaders of Massachusetts Bay, differing from the Pilgrims, were substantial men of fortune and family. Their exodus was like the flight of capital to-day from any country where it seems to be losing control. In those days you had to follow your wealth abroad to make the investment pay.

To say that religion was the driving force behind this, is to leave the cart without any horse at all. Religion figured in it exactly as an abstract sense of justice figured in the social and legal changes accomplished by the Puritans. It was to achieve power for themselves that they aggrandized the Commons at the expense of Lords and King. It was to prevent the growth of feudal might, their

old enemy, that they did away with primogeniture in America. It was as another blow to feudalism that they put forward those liberal divorce views of which Milton was a notorious advocate. Indissoluble marriage was vital to feudalism. Thus also they did away with chivalry, in either sense of the word, and reduced marriage to the level of any other business transaction. It is idle to call them hypocrites because they hitched these wagons to the stars of religion and truth. That is simply to indict mankind, for such is the way of man, and to rob the word hypocrite of meaning and usefulness.

Massachusetts Bay, in its increasing religious emphasis, met the same difficulty that Plymouth had encountered: many of those who had come over with more moderate views were surprised and shocked by the change. In the early days of Salem, the heavy hand of Endicott had fallen even upon two prominent councilors, officers of the enterprise, who ignored the religious innovations and continued to worship according to the Book of Common Prayer. They were deported.

Of Winthrop's 800 settlers, nearly 200, including some of the wealthy and important men, returned to England. Some went through faint-heartedness, others because they did not like the religious policy

that was sprung upon them. Of the apologists for New England intolerance, the number has been legion, but none has suggested why in all fairness the leaders did not explain to their investors and colonists what they proposed to do, and warn them in advance.

It is only the persistent assumption that the Pilgrims and Puritans came over chiefly for religious reasons, to escape religious persecution, that makes them seem in this regard liars, swindlers, hypocrites and deficient in common sense, importing settlers who could only have to be deported again at great expense, or badgered into unwilling conformity. The truth is that they did not know themselves, until they got on the ground, the form they were to give to this monument of the unfettered and triumphant bourgeoisie: New England.

Later they began to think they really had come for religious reasons, and pictured their monument as the manifest plan of the Great Architect, perceived by them from the beginning. This fundamental New England *non sequitur* is well exhibited in the articles of confederation drawn up by the Puritan colonies in 1643.

The preamble reads, "Whereas we all came into these parts of America with one and the same end

and aime, namly, to advance the Kingdome of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to enjoy the liberties of the Gospell in puritie and peace." But the articles concern neither Christ, liberty, Gospels nor purity, only: defense against the Indians; extradition of criminals and slaves; and a policy of all for one and one for all.

In the erection of this monument, a good many men of straw have had to be set up and knocked down to get material for the bricks. The chiefest of these is that of widespread religious persecution of the Puritans in England.

The Separatist congregation at Scrooby does not appear to have been oppressed, except by the social ostracism of the neighbors. Twice it was frustrated in attempting to sneak off to Holland, but this police action was the result of breaking purely civil laws. A company that similarly attempted to leave America to-day, without passports and without paying income taxes, would get the same treatment and little attention to their cries of persecution. The Scrooby people were let off lightly by such modern standards. A few of the leaders were held for a time and shortly released.

So little did the Leyden congregation think it had been persecuted, that when the question of settlement in America was mooted, it went direct to the

King for a Royal Charter, drawing up for that purpose a naïf confession of faith, the famous *Seven Leyden Articles,* in which was asserted allegiance to Church and State, with trickily worded evasions. James I very naturally was not blind enough to swallow this red herring, but in declining the Royal Charter he yet gave his tacit approval to the enterprise and showed no animosity even after seeing through the trick. When told that the colonists would live by fishing, he replied, "Very good. That was the Apostles' own calling."

James Truslow Adams has compiled the persecution figures. Only two ministers had failed to conform to the change under Henry VIII. Less than two per cent. were forced from their cures when Elizabeth introduced the oath of supremacy. In the Great Deprivations under James and Archbishop Bancroft, fewer than three hundred Puritan clergy were deprived of their livings.

But when the Puritans themselves came into power, 3,500 (or forty per cent.) of the clergy had their livings taken away.

One of the constant complaints of the Puritans against the Church was the low payment of ministers. The Puritan Commons, however, defeated a proposed increase in clerical pay. The Puritans

wanted no improvement of conditions except under their own administrative control. Their wealthy congregations were taking care of their own by adding to their minister's stipends to raise them ten or twenty times.

The tender care with which churches and schools are said to have been reared and kept up in New England, is another brick with much straw. That laws were passed requiring towns to support church and school would be evidence enough of the tendency toward neglect, even if direct testimony were not available.

In godly Salem, in 1692, in the very center of the witchcraft righteousness, the town records tell that the meeting house had remained "for a great while without any repairs so that by reason of broken windows stopt by boards and others wide open it is sometimes so cold that it is uncomfortable and sometimes so dark that it is most unuseful."

In 1702, Massachusetts found it necessary to reenact its school law, doubling the fines for towns that did not provide schoolmasters, abolishing the thrifty subterfuge of calling the minister a schoolmaster and demanding "the observance of this wholesome and necessary law which is shamefully neglected by divers towns." Not until 1789 were

girls admitted into the Massachusetts public schools.

The Puritan scholarship is unsurpassed for sterility; it made no single contribution to world thought. The Harvard graduation thesis of Cotton Mather, darling of New England, upheld a technicality of Hebrew grammar that European scholars for a century and more had known to be false. He was an infant prodigy, who entered Harvard at twelve, took his B.A. at sixteen, and never grew up. His habit of incrusting his muddy thinking with the spew from wide and undigested reading, naturally won him the same awe from his contemporaries that a negro Baptist preacher gets from the Amen bench, or a Southern Senator from his constituents. It is not unfitting that a later president of Harvard lives on through a predigested five foot shelf of culture.

Undoubtedly it is remarkable that even respect for learning should have been maintained in the face of pioneer conditions. All credit to those who did maintain it, but the poverty of the New England intellect is shown by the very names of the contemporaries whose work was well advanced or completed before the best minds of Massachusetts stopped hanging witches in the 1690's: Hobbes, Pascal,

Kepler, Galileo, Descartes, Spinoza, La Fontaine, Locke, Racine and Leibnitz.

In education, as in religion, the Puritans were frugal. Even the best families let out their children as servants in others' homes. Members of the rich and thrifty Judge Sewall's family thus lived out as help. Governor Winthrop took in his kinsmen's sons as servants.

In 1672, Boston served notice on a number of families to dispose of their several children abroad for servants, to serve by indentures according to their ages and capacities, on pain of having the Selectment put out their children for hire for them.

Ten years later, a law was passed to build a factory with spinning wheels and looms to employ the children (aged six and up) who "shamefully spend their time in the streets."

Chapter XI: *The Massachusetts Way*

FOR all this close attention to details and the hardy business of making a colony prosper, Massachusetts Bay early found time for diverse and unsequential incidents worthy of the Book of Exodus itself.

In 1636, the year that Harvard was founded, dissensions became serious. The storm center was Anne Hutchinson, who passionately advocated a theological doctrine so abstruse that Winthrop himself averred no man could tell, except some few who knew the bottom of the matter, where any difference was. She set Boston by the ears and broke up families over it. Little children in the streets sneered at each other as adherents of the "covenant of grace" or the "covenant of works." The real fuss was over the temerity of a woman speaking in church at all. Mrs. Hutchinson and her followers were thrown out of the colony. They founded Portsmouth and Newport. Boston still had many generations to live before it was ripe for a Mary Baker G. Eddy.

When the wife of Governor Winthrop of Connecticut (son of the Massachusetts dignitary) went insane, her father-in-law said the condition arose from her desertion of domestic duties for the men's sphere. It seems she had been reading books.

Kissing and telling was a high virtue. It is not hard to picture the embarrassments that romance involved when one never knew what moment the other party might break down with a tender conscience, stand up in meeting house before the whole congregation, and confess to all the intimate details of the dalliance. The better the details, the more obviously genuine the confession, and the greater the chances of forgiveness.

Captain Underhill was a soldier of valor, and he had a way with the ladies. He was a follower of Mrs. Hutchinson. A useful military man, he was reëstablished in grace with a leniency rivaling that of our Lord for the errant Children of Israel.

Underhill was married. The feelings of his wife as she sat in open meeting and heard his affairs thrashed out seem to have had scant attention. The captain was a dashing fellow, with dapper pride in his dress. Amorous incentive roused his conversation to sprightly originality. Shortly after the slaughter of the Pequots, in which he was a great

hero, he was looking after two mistresses (both married) as well as his wife.

"Having been privately dealt with upon suspicion of incontinency with a neighbor's wife, and not harkening to it, he was publicly questioned, and put under admonition. The matter was, for that the woman being young, and beautiful, and withal of a jovial spirit and behavior, he did daily frequent her house, and was divers times found there alone with her, the door being locked on the inside. His excuse was, that the woman was in great trouble of mind, and sore temptations, and that he resorted to her to comfort her; and that when the door was found locked upon them, they were in private prayer together."

While he was away in exile, the jovial matron spoiled the story by repentance. She explained to the congregation that he had solicited her chastity under pretense of Christian love. It was the old story of Boccaccio about keeping the devil in hell, which in English translations is usually rendered in French.

An added stir in the community was made by the lady's admission that he had "confessed to her, that he had his will oftentimes of the cooper's wife, and all out of strength of love."

The church sent for Underhill. "He came upon the lecture day, after sermon; the pastor called him forth and declared the occasion, and then gave him leave to speak: and indeed it was a spectacle which caused many weeping eyes, though it afforded matter of much rejoicing to behold the power of the Lord Jesus in his own ordinances, when they are dispensed in his own way, holding forth the authority of his regal scepter in the simplicity of the gospel. He came in his worst clothes (being accustomed to take great pride in his bravery and neatness) without a band, in a foul linen cap pulled close to his eyes; and standing upon a form, he did, with many deep sighs and abundance of tears, lay open his wicked course, his adultery, his hypocrisy, his persecution of God's people here, and especially his pride (as the root of all, which caused God to give him over to his other sinful courses) and contempt of the magistrates.

"Indeed he appeared as a man worn out with sorrow. He spake well, save that his blubbering, etc., interrupted him, and all along he discovered a broken and melting heart. So accordingly he was received into the church again."

The court could not pardon his adultery "for example's sake, nor would restore him to freedom,

though they released his banishment, and declared the former law against adultery to be of no force; so as there was no law now to touch his life, for the new law against adultery was made since his fact committed.

"He confessed also in the congregation, that though he was very familiar with that woman, and had gained her affection, etc., yet she withstood him six months against all his solicitations (which he thought no woman could have resisted) before he could overcome her chastity, but being once overcome, she was wholly at his will.

"And to make the peace more sound, he went to her husband (being a cooper) and fell upon his knees before him in the presence of some of the elders and others, and besought him to forgive him, which he did very freely, and in testimony thereof he sent the captain's wife a token."

How Mrs. Underhill must have cherished that!

The account is quoted from Winthrop's *Journal.* Lest it be thought a rare interlude in the even tenor of Puritan godliness, it should be added that the respectful James Savage, who edited the work for the Massachusetts Historical Society, describes the passage as one of Winthrop's best delineations of manners.

The year that Mrs. Hutchinson began to disturb the spiritual peace of Boston, Roger Williams was ordered seized and shipped back to England. He had previously been banished, with a six months' stay on condition that he would not attempt to convert any to his point of view. In defiance of this provision he gathered a score of people together to settle on Narragansett Bay. Those in England whom the Puritans thought persecutors had confined their activities to forcing conformity at home; Massachusetts now decided dissenters must not be allowed even outside her territory.

Underhill was sent to capture Williams, who eluded him and founded Providence, after purchasing the land from the Indians. To understand the vigor with which Massachusetts scourged heresy, it must be remembered that the political, social and economic power of the theocracy was at stake, along with the glory of God.

Williams had advocated separation of Church and State, repeal of laws compelling attendance at public worship, abolition of tithes, and equal protection for all sects. Most heinous of all, he had asserted that the land really belonged to the Indians, that the English King had no right to give it away, and that to accept such unjust title was a sin requiring re-

pentance. "Land," he said, "is one of the gods of New England."

All these contentions make Williams appear far ahead of his times, but from his manner one is forced, as with his Welsh compatriot Lloyd George, to doubt whether his idealistic thrusts were not designed more with a view to winning an argument.

After his banishment, Williams carried on a running controversy with John Cotton on the justice of his penalty, in which Cotton said in sum: We may employ force, because we are in the right; our opponents must not, because they are in the wrong. It is persecution to urge men against their consciences, but no man's conscience can make him reject the truth; therefore, to force the truth upon him is not a violation of conscience.

Governor Fuller himself could not have stated the infallibility of Massachusetts better to those who protested against the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti.

Meanwhile, John Oldham, the mad Jack in his mood, was murdered by Indians. With a force of ninety men, Endicott went to Block Island to extirpate the natives, and after failing dismally, went to attack the Pequots. These also escaped. Bradford wrote to Winthrop protesting the folly of the affair.

The Indians were thoroughly incensed. The Pequots sent ambassadors to the Narragansetts to negotiate an alliance, endangering the English settlements along the whole coast.

Faced with this danger, the Governor and Council of Massachusetts now were forced to humble themselves to ask Roger Williams, whose very presence was a defiance of them, to intervene. Williams had treated the Indians sympathetically, and had their confidence. He went alone in a canoe to the chiefs of the Narragansetts and dissuaded them from their alliance. Winthrop is the only Massachusetts historian with enough magnanimity to mention the service.

The next winter the Pequots raided outlying settlements along the Connecticut River. About twenty English were killed. After much indecision (Massachusetts was occupied at this time with the important problem of the covenants of grace and works), Plymouth voted fifty men, and Massachusetts two hundred, to go to the rescue.

Before they arrived, the Connecticut forces, half under Underhill, had burned up a palisaded Pequot town, killing six hundred. It was after this exploit that the gallant captain returned to Boston to his triumphs of the heart.

Of the relations of the white man with the Indian we have heard only one side. For each Indian war we are given specific Indian aggressions as the cause, but we know no more of what happened than we would know if we had only one version of Sarajevo. It is obvious that the intensive use of the land by the English meant the eventual eviction of the Indians in any case. It is equally obvious that our Puritan Fathers did not exterminate them until the land was worth more for agriculture than the Indians were worth for the fur trade. When economy directed, the Puritan recalled the wars of Canaan and his religious conviction that the Sons of Ham should be wiped out.

The proverbial English inability to comprehend foreign customs, as well as cupidity, added to the inevitable friction. The English never managed to understand that, if their demands for the surrender of an Indian who had killed a white man were ignored, it was often because they applied to the wrong authority. By the Indian *mores* bloodshed was no concern of the civil body (the tribe), but of the family group (the clan). The English simply called all Indian leaders kings and took for granted that the analogy was correct.

Even Roger Williams, who stands out in such

contrast by his relative humanity in acknowledging Indian rights, appears never to have understood the Indian notion of land tenure. Williams insisted on the purchase of the red men's lands as a measure of justice. When the native sold, however, he thought he was selling merely the right of joint occupation, not absolute possession, an idea outside his experience.

Once the whites got control, the Indians not openly enslaved were subjected to the most petty exactions, forced to obey the Puritan customs even though they lived apart. Pequot tribesmen were ordered to sit through the long hours in the meeting house, on pain of being fined or flogged. The same penalties awaited them if they were caught hunting, fishing or even carrying firewood on the Sabbath.

After 1657, when the sale of liquor to the Indians was forbidden in Massachusetts, any native found drunk was sentenced to twelve days of hard labor. Half this labor went to the accuser. A large bootleg trade sprang up among the thrifty whites, who then informed upon their victims, and profited by six days' labor. A good hint for professional drys to-day.

From the beginning, captive Indians were made

slaves. Roger Williams, for all his humanity, requested "one of the drove of Adam's degenerate seed" for a slave. The Rev. Hugh Peters, who followed Williams as pastor at Salem, put in his bid for some captured Indians: "Wee have heard of a dividence of women and children in the baye and would bee glad of a share viz: a young woman or girle and a boy if you thinke good."

Supplementing this forced labor, the colonists had indentured servants, bound for terms as long as ten years. The Pilgrims brought some over on the *Mayflower.* Their more wealthy followers imported more. The trouble was that they were expensive to get, and were free so soon. Domesticating unwilling savages for service around the house had its troubles, too.

The Rev. Peter Thatcher, of Milton, Mass., bought a squaw to tend his house and baby, contracting to pay £5 down and £5 more at the end of the year. Soon he "came home and found my Indian girl had liked to have knocked my Theodorah on the head by letting her fall. Whereupon I took a good walnut stick and beat the Indian to purpose till she promised to do so no more." Savages were too simple-minded to enjoy masochism, and they often

answered this treatment by hying back to their native woods.

Emanuel Downing, Winthrop's brother-in-law, maintained of the Indians in 1645 that it was a "Synne in us having power in our hand to suffer them to mayntayne the worship of the devill. I doe not see how wee can thrive untill wee gett a stock of slaves sufficient to doe all our business," he added, admitting the difficulties of getting the Indians to work and proposing that they be transported to the West Indies in exchange for blackamoors.

The *Desire,* the first New England slave ship, had sailed nine years before, with a cargo of Indian captives to be sold in Bermuda. She returned with negroes, tobacco and cotton from Barbados. The slave trade, on which the wealth of so many Massachusetts first families is based, had begun.

Opposition was encountered at first, and in 1646 the Massachusetts Court protested "against the hainous and crying sinn of man-stealing," but attention was soon directed to the precedents of Abraham and other Old Testament patriarchs, and to the good that could be done the negroes by Christianizing them.

A visitor recorded in 1687: "You may also here own Negroes and Negresses; there is not a house

in Boston however small may be its means, that has not one or two."

Good Judge Sewall, as late as 1700, issued a broadside against slavery, entitled *The Selling of Joseph,* but overcame his scruples and advertised in 1726, "To be sold by Mr. Sam Sewall at his house on the Common, Boston, several likely young negro Men and Boys Just arrived."

Judicious piety played a large part in the creation of this New England Trinity of rum, molasses and slaves. An honored elder of Newport regularly arose in meeting, on the Lord's Day following the safe arrival of one of his slave ships, to voice his thanks "that a gracious overruling Providence had been pleased to bring to this land of Freedom another cargo of benighted heathen to enjoy the blessing of a Gospel dispensation."

For the accommodation of negroes, a special marriage form was provided, the groom being asked to promise only that "in so far as shall be consistent with the relation which you now sustain, as a servant, you will perform the part of a husband to her."

Thus in righteousness did the Lord God make His children to prosper in the land which he had given unto their hand, and their seed prospered, mightily. In their new-found wealth the settlers were at last

able to glorify their Old Testament love of luxury. Peter Faneuil, a large part of whose fortune came from the slave trade, could even afford a modicum of solid silver furniture. He was the builder of Boston's Faneuil Hall, the Cradle of Liberty.

Chapter XII: *Judges*

IN this increasing enjoyment of God's free gifts, the praise of Him who giveth all was not forgotten, and His ministers waxed great throughout the land. Scoffers and sinners were struck down, and the congregations of the Lord multiplied.

It was the Old Testament that the Puritans lived by. Their austere virtues, their lapses, their triumphs and their lamentations fit into the Old Testament pattern. In this pattern they themselves saw their lives, and by accepting their perspective, we can enter into their hearts to understand them. The very words they spoke were the words of the Bible. To write their story in the Biblical form is to see how successful they were in imitating their ideal:

Among the children of Plymouth was an holy man, Bradford, one of those who first came over, and he saw how Satan tempted God's people in anger at their holiness; and he grieved mightily.

In his agony he lifted up his voice unto the Lord and he cried: How came it to pass? that so many wicked persons and profane people should be quickly

come over into this land, and mixe them selves amongst them? and seeing it was religious men that began the work, and they came for religion's sake.

And this he said: that it will be marvelled at, in time to come, when the reasons therefore should not be knowne. And it came to pass as he had said.

Then he wrote upon a tablet, that their children should know, that their children's children might hear:

As it is with waters when their streames are stopped or dammed up, when they get passage they flow with more violence, and make more noys and disturbance, than when they are suffered to rune quietly in their owne chanels. So wickednes being here more stopped by strict laws,

And ye same more nerly looked unto, so as it cannot rune in a commone road of liberty as it would, and is inclined, it searches every wher, and at last breaks out wher it getts vente.

So Bradford the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Plymouth, and the number of his years was three score and eight; and of the plantation thirty and nine. His eye was not dim nor his natural force abated.

And they buried him upon a hill in the land of

Plymouth, but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day.

Thus many wise men were taken from the land; and wickedness broke out.

But the Lord took pity upon his people, and they repented, and took those who had offended the Lord, and scourged out wickedness from the land. Upon the public places they built stocks and cages and bilboes; adulterers and drunkards and thieves and wanton gospellers they branded; each with the letter of his sin branded they them before the multitude, that the people might see that the will of God was done, and repent.

Upon the public place before the house of the Lord they set posts, and bound the unrighteous to them, and scourged them, and cut off their ears and slit their tongue; whatever member had offended, they cut it out as was written in the word of God. And the multitudes gathered and mocked them and spat upon them. And the majesty of the Lord grew mightily in the land.

Then the magistrates built mighty gallows upon the public places that the people might see blasphemers and revilers of God's people hanged; and it was so. And multitudes, thousands and tens of thou-

sands, gathered round and saw and cheered. And they wondered mightily.

Still did wickedness break out.

And it came to pass that in the city of Boston there was a carpenter, and he was called upon to build the stocks, and he built them. Yet he cheated upon the price of his wood, and was the first whose neck was bowed to his yoke.

In Boston dwelt one Sewall, an upright man, and a righteous judge, who gloried to see hangings, whereat as the multitudes cheered and reviled, he saw the hand of God in their righteousness; for the Lord had softened his heart, and he bowed before the Lord.

Therefore would this righteous judge visit the tombs of his family, even of his wives and of his children, and he bowed his head in righteousness, and said: The sight of the coffins are an awful yet pleasing treat.

Yet wickedness grew, and vanities abounded.

And it came to pass that at Plymouth was the funeral of one Josiah Winslow, who had been Governor over them, and the years of the plantation were three score.

Among those who went were one Alden, and Priscilla, his wife, and one Standish, their Captain,

who later died of a seizure. And others were there of those who had first come over. And they marveled at the idolatry that was abroad in the land:

For prayers were now said for the dead, and services held, with much weeping and drinking. And scarves and fine gloves were given to the mourners, and such vanities, despite the ordinances of God.

Such was the custom, and even the priests took them, and kept them and sold them for gain, with the gifts that now came at weddings and baptisms.

Of one priest it was said that the years of his service were thirty and two, and that of gloves he had got two thousand nine hundred and two score pairs, and that he had sold them to the sum of fourteen hundred and forty-one pounds, eighteen shillings and one penny.

Now Alden and Priscilla saw these things, and grieved, and marveled that these things could be.

Then the Lord saw the sins of His children, and He hardened His heart, and smote them, for they clamored against their magistrates, whom He had appointed over them.

The Lord had appointed the fifth part of the people to be rulers over them, and choose the magistrates; the others had He not appointed. Yet a great

clamor arose, and all men strove to rule, saying: Are we not alike? and do we not also pay?

And the people again did evil in the sight of the Lord; and the Lord delivered them into the hand of Albion four score and twelve years,

And Albion set its Governor, Andros, to be Governor over them; and idolatry and Papery abounded; marriages were once more said in the churches;

Andros, who was tyrant over them, set the whole people now to choose the magistrates, which was against the ordinances of God.

Chapter XIII: *Stocks and Bonds*

A DECADE had passed since the victory over King Philip, since the Great War that was to end war with the Indians.

In the front room of a little house in Duxbury, an old lady stood in silence. Her clothes were neat and plain, as befitted a lady of eighty-odd, with neat white cuffs and prim white collar. Her white hair was drawn straight back from her plain face; and though she did not even remember, it was still done in the fashion of Dorothy Bradford.

With Priscilla in the room were her children and what friends there were left. Her fine sons were there: John, who long ago had become a great man, naval commander of the Bay colony, one of the founders of the Old South Church, up Boston way, and his wife, Elizabeth Phillips; Joseph, wed to Mary, the daughter of Moses Simmons, who had come over in the *Fortune* the first year; and Jonathan, and the rest. Her daughters had gathered: Elizabeth, her first born, the wife of William Peabody; Sarah with Alexander Standish, her hus-

band, and the others. Miles Standish himself, withered yet doughty, had died years before.

All had gathered with their families and with their kin. All stood in silence. Priscilla and John had promised each other that it should be like this; that the old way was the best.

In the center of the room in an open coffin lay John Alden, the father, the husband, the Pilgrim.

In silence the coffin was nailed and carried to the grave, while they all followed after silently. Without tears, without prayers, without praise, the coffin was lowered into the grave. The grave was covered. All returned to the house.

Priscilla looked from the window, out over the yard, over the trees she had known, now turning gay in the September air, out over the Bay. She did not even feel sorrow. Life slips so gradually when one is old, it hardly is missed. Life scarcely touched her now; things came to her dimly, as the light had come through this window in the days long ago, when oiled paper had done for panes.

Now they were packing up her things, and carrying them down to the water, stowing them away in the shallop. She hardly noticed. She watched and spoke of casual things, directing that this be done, that that be put there. Her crotchets were law.

Little John helped her into the shallop with his strong grasp. With a fair wind they were off. She had no feeling about it. She did not even think to remember that other time when she had sat on this same bench with her goods about her and held little John in her arms, and he afraid of the waves. She did not even think to smile.

The gathering on shore waved good-by. Priscilla raised her arm and waved. The figures on the shore grew dim.

"John, will you hand me my shawl?"

"Yes, Mother."

They rounded the Gurnet and found the open water. Priscilla went to Boston to live with her son to the end of her days.

Strange faces, strange manners, strange loyalties were her world now. People came and went, and there were rumors of strange things.

A new order was at hand. For threescore years and more, New England had lived by stocks and bonds: by stocks and bonds and bilboes, by whipping posts and gibbets. Stocks and bonds had been the power of the theocracy, the strength of the righteous, the faith of the faithful, the absorbing circus of the people. They had prayed to prosper, and with stocks and bonds they had enforced their prayer.

That prayer had been answered. Prosperity had come, and with it the undoing of all.

Now the children of the inelect had grown wealthy and clamored for control. The theocracy stood its ground as the sands crumbled beneath it. The great men were gone, the strong defenders of the faith who had come over at the first.

From the beginning, the elders had followed the light as they saw it. They had done their best, earnestly, to build a better world. They had brought the ideals of righteousness to bear on every sphere of life. The finest of the church, in their civil sway, had regulated business and pleasure, love and even thought itself. They had labored humbly to fulfill to the glory of God the world leadership to which they had been suddenly called; who knows when the bridegroom cometh?

They had laid prohibitions upon every social evil, upon excesses and vices, upon adulteries and drunkenness, and upon those greatest of all sins, against the Holy Ghost.

Whatever laws and coercion could do to whip the spirit of man to follow ideals, they had done. But the surge of life is strong, and children have an unhappy way of learning from what the father does,

not what he says. In them all was the Old Adam, and he did not die.

The church had held the reins of state in her hands, and the magistrates did her bidding. Pulpits had mixed into every department of life, backed by stocks and bonds and gibbets, thundering their condemnation of evil in its every manifestation. Yet the evil courses had multiplied.

Winthrop had noted early in the plantation that "This evil was very notorious among all sorts of people, it being the common rule that most men walked by in all their commerce, to buy as cheap as they could, and to sell as dear."

Cotton had outlined for business its code of ethics and flayed the five common errors into which it had fallen: "That a man might sell as dear as he can, and buy as cheap as he can. That if a man lose by casualty of sea, etc., in some of his commodities, he may raise the price of the rest. That he may sell as he bought, though he bought too dear, and though the commodity be fallen. That, as a man may take advantage of his own skill or ability, so he may of another's ignorance or necessity. Where one gives time for payment, he is to take like recompense of one as of another."

Without fear or favor, in high places and low,

rules were rigidly enforced. Yet men bought as they could, and sold as they could, and self-interest remained the ethics of affairs.

Laws were passed regulating labor, as to wages and hours, fixing prices. Yet when labor was scarce, craftsmen took what they could and gave what they had to and sold for what they got.

Laws were multiplied and penalties doubled; restrictions were changed and increased, and never really enforced, until the whole structure became a confusion, and no one could know the laws at all. In practice, then, they were abandoned as they gained in number. The law was no longer supreme because men saw the conflict of laws and saw all could not be right.

We, too, are passing through an orgy of increased penalties in an attempt to break a wave of crime. The severe Baumes Laws of New York State have been widely copied throughout the land. In some states the whipping post has been brought back. The Baumes commission has indicated that it thinks public whipping a good thing.

For the Puritan, the Supreme Law and Constitution was the Bible, by which all laws stood or fell. The Puritans demanded not so much that one obey certain laws, as that he adhere to and follow loyally

a philosophy of life. Law, then, was arbitrary: for the same offense there were many different penalties. An honest man could no longer keep track of his crimes. Prisoners at the bar were judged and sentenced on principles developed and expounded after the crime.

In our own time, we have seen the law become so uncertain that business men prefer in ordinary disputes to take their case before an arbitrator, who will disregard the law entirely, and, cutting through the subterfuges and technicalities of equity court procedure, settle the matter in simple equity.

The Puritans maintained a sturdy dislike of lawyers. There was one in Boston, in the early days, but he was not allowed his quibbles. Lawyers were not prohibited; they were simply forbidden to plead another's case for a fee.

Now, the four-fifths of the freemen of Massachusetts who were disfranchised grew restive. Many had acquired wealth and economic assertiveness. Naturally they took a well-concealed joy in the embarrassments of the magistrates—especially in the embarrassments of the magistrates at the flouting of prohibitions. Penalties were stiffened.

In the clamor and turmoil that followed, one thing stands out clear: that is the vitality of the

Puritan idea. The new-rich bowed before the notions of those they sought to depose. Everything in life was related to utility. Even the most casual amusements were identified with uplift, service, and the honor of God. It was for these reasons that the mobs of men and women crowded to see men and women hanged, tortured and publicly exhibited.

When the balloon was introduced as a popular diversion in New England, the final note of modernity was struck. In Hartford, the balloons were called Archimedial Phaëtons, Vertical Aerial Coaches, or Patent Fœderal Balloons, and prospective passengers were urged to go up for their health. Ascensions were said to cause a benign sudden revulsion of the blood and humors of invaletudinarians.

So, in our day, we have people going up in airplanes hoping to cure deafness, while our great minds of industry pursue golf for the business contacts it affords, and for the health and vigor further to prosecute their business.

Now, at the excesses of the magistrates, public outcries arose, discreet at first, but swelling in volume. Men of merit and esteem began to stand up to be counted in opposition. People of principle began to disobey the prohibitions on principle.

Strange times had come.

Years before, Winthrop had seen and recognized omens of them. There was one Mary Dyer, notoriously infected with Mrs. Hutchinson's errors. On the very day that Mrs. Hutchinson had been cast from the church, this woman had given birth to a monster. The Governor, with the advice of some other of the magistrates and of the elders of Boston, caused the said monster to be taken up, and though it were much corrupted, yet most of those things were to be seen, as the horns and claws, the scales, etc.

Shortly after this, Mrs. Hutchinson herself, after her time was fulfilled, was delivered of a monstrous birth, which being diversely related in the country, and, in the open assembly at Boston, upon a lecture day, was declared by Mr. Cotton to signify her error in denying inherent righteousness.

Wonder spread at such happenings.

Mary Dyer was of good family, wife of the secretary of Rhode Island. She and her husband became Quakers, and fell into other errors. Quakers had been banished, and fines were imposed on shipowners who brought them.

With Endicott as chairman, the commissioners adopted capital punishment for the intruders. Public protest arose. The magistrates and clergy were

firm. The protest made them only more so. Mary Dyer, with two Quaker men, journeyed to Boston in order to defy the law. They were exiled.

Soon they turned about and returned, the Spirit having moved them to defy the persecution. With an escort of a hundred soldiers, they were marched to the gallows on Boston Common. They tried to address the crowd, but were thundered down by the drum corps of the troops. The Rev. John Wilson stood at the foot of the gallows to revile them in a sermon. The men were hanged.

Mrs. Dyer was let off upon the promise of her son to take her back to Rhode Island. Next year she returned. She was again taken to the gallows and the halter placed about her neck. Freedom was offered her if she would stay away. "In obedience to the will of the Lord I came, and in His will I abide faithful unto death," she replied. The trap was sprung. She died.

A terrible outcry followed. Some of the best people joined the protest. Even young Governor Winthrop of Connecticut had implored that the sentence be commuted.

The magistrates began to fear. They carried out one more execution. They pleaded the necessity of respect for law. Law must be enforced while it

is on the books, they said, otherwise there will be a general breakdown of all enforcement. The people who protested had no way to change the law.

The people of Massachusetts at this time did not have the smug complacency that sits back in an easy chair and sits back idly in the face of persecution and injustice, content with the platitude that persecution defeats its own end. They were too close in time to the horrors of Spain and too close in tradition to the exterminated Albigensians. Injustice never has defeated its own end, when it was successful; persecution never has defeated its own end, when it was complete. Their defeat can never come from the repetition of a platitude. It can come only when people, good people, solid comfortable people, care enough to get up on their hind feet and yell their heads off in protest. That yell was now forthcoming from the people of Massachusetts.

The rumbling voices of those disfranchised, who probably cared little about Quakers, raised that cry to such volume that it won the day.

The Quakers got into enough trouble to keep the agitation boiling. The sect was without discipline. It attracted all sorts of people, many without balance.

Judge Sewall wrote, "A female Quaker, Margaret Brewster, in sermon time came in, in a canvas

frock, her hair dishevelled loose like a Periwig, her face as black as ink, led by two other Quakers, and two other Quakers followed. It occasioned the greatest and most amazing uproar that I ever saw."

Half-clad and even naked, Quaker women burst into the churches, crying, "Woe! woe! Woe to the people." One jumped up in Puritan meeting to shout, "Parson! Thou art an old fool. Thy sermon is too long. Parson! Sit down."

Pepys in his *Diary* gives more of the same from London: "One thing extraordinary was, this day a man, a Quaker, came naked through Westminster Hall, only very civilly tied about the loins to avoid scandal, and with a chafing dish of fire and brimstone burning upon his head, did pass through the Hall, crying, 'Repent! repent!' "

These were parlous times.

The theocracy was at its wit's end. In the witchcraft agitation, it made its last desperate stand.

Strange deeds were on every hand. Passion and credulity were at fever pitch. To the godly it was apparent that Satan had stretched forth his long arm with special spitefulness to smite New England.

Cotton Mather had considered an incident of the Indian war to be a Prodigious piece of the Strange Descent from the Invisible World. Other plagues

and violences abounded in the great struggle between God and the Evil One. King Philip's War, two great fires, epidemics of smallpox, the general decay of piety and the departure from the ways of the Fathers indicated how far Satan had carried the day. The plagues of Egypt had scarce been more violent.

Increase Mather, president of Harvard University, and the adored father of Cotton Mather, had a synod of the clergy called to consider what evils had provoked the Lord to bring His Judgments upon New England. Data on witchcraft and strange apparitions were collected. From these, the Harvard seer compiled *An Essay for the Recording of Illustrious Providences,* authenticating cases of witchcraft that had come to his attention.

The work enjoyed wide and morbid popularity. Witchcraft was seen and feared on all sides. Fits and the seizures of children multiplied. Cream turned sour. Ministers of God whipped up excitement to a frenzy. Trials and hangings of witches began. Through confessions forced by torture of the victims, the circle of the accused widened. Not until the recent Bolshevik scare manufactured by Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer, with its consequent deportations, imprisonments and executions,

on scanty and hearsay evidence, or bland prejudice, has America again looked with such a wild surmise. Of the modern delusion, to which our State Department still clings so tenaciously, Mooney, Billings, Sacco and Vanzetti are the best-known victims. Of the earlier, the Rev. George Burroughs was the most noted. During our own hysteria, those who gave little weight to the Bolshevik menace were suspect of treason and wishing ill to our government and institutions. Among the Puritans, those who had the temerity to disbelieve in witches were branded atheists: "Atheism begins with denying Spirits or Witches" (among those not openly daring to deny God).

We are a little haughty in this age in laughing at the superstition and ignorance of our ancestors, who swallowed witchcraft, hook, line and sinker. They could do so because they believed in a capricious world. The faith of the Puritan, like the faith of the charcoal-burner, said the apple fell from the tree because it was the will of God that it should fall, and there let the matter rest. We, with our generations of high and mighty science, have learned from the cradle to say it is the Law of Gravity, and there we, too, let it rest. Thus also Puritan and charcoal-burner prided themselves upon another

substitution of names and pitied their poor ignorant ancestors who had thought the apple fell through the will of Odin, Jupiter or Zeus.

Having learned by the grace of Newton formulæ for the speed of the fall, we commonly let them bedazzle us into thinking this is somehow an explanation of the *why*. Then being told, by the hieroglyphs of Einstein, that these formulæ are not correct in detail and quite wrong in implication, we hail the new Master (who himself has said only a scant ten Wise Men may follow his star) and seize upon the new theory that none may even pretend to understand. Meanwhile in another field the Apostle Bertrand Russell has apparently endowed the electron with volition, granting it a measure of the free will which the mechanistic theory denies to man himself. Truly the ignorant charcoal-burner and superstitious Puritan lived in a world as stable, whose special Providences were no more capricious than the Gospel according to Saint Science.

Our difference is largely in words. It is out of fashion in many circles to-day to call the unifying principle God. Yet here, in the twentieth century, comes a scientist who apparently opens a loophole for us rationally to believe that physics and chemistry, meantime extended to include everything else,

are related; that the law of gravitation *really is* only a part of universal law. According to a three page typewritten Bull from the High Pontiff, drawn in characters that we can no more read than could the charcoal-burner decipher the words of the Pope, we are at last allowed to return to the easy comforting faith that Puritan and Churchman alike arrived at more simply. In the pæans of world-praise for the new prophet, it is the people of America, the materialistic, hard-headed people of America (and the most coldly enlightened among them) who have blown loudest upon the trump and climbed to the old bandwagon (newly regilded) with the shrillest shouts of glee.

We are not so alien as we think to the spirit of our ancestors, nor so far removed as we laughingly think from grand and tragic delusions. Our witchcraft scares must be presented under modern names, and threaten, as the Puritan scare threatened, the overthrow of constituted authority in State and Business. To the prosperous and godly it is a natural axiom that whatever is, is ordained by God in the best of all possible worlds.

George Lincoln Burr, the greatest of American authorities on witchcraft, has pointed out that the witchcraft our fathers feared is not universal, but

belongs alone to Christian thought and modern centuries. The much maligned Middle Ages knew none of it.

Not until the latter part of the thirteenth century did the theologians work out their theory of the relations of man and Satan on which the belief in witchcraft was based. That same theory is thundered to-day from a vast majority of the pulpits of our land, especially from those fire-eating, anti-fire-water, Fundamentalist pulpits which seem to be in such effectual control of our machinery of State.

Soon after the Reformation, Protestants were competing with Catholics in the ardor of their persecution. The English Puritan Eastern Counties, between 1645 and 1647, sent witches to death by the score. They obtained confessions from their victims by the third degree method of keeping them awake.

The Salem tragedy reached its height in 1692.

The air was electric. In the silence of the meeting house the minister, Mr. Lawson, was denouncing the devil and his works.

Suddenly in the midst of the sermon a young girl, Ann Putnam, cried out:

"There is a yellow bird sitting on the minister's hat, as it hangs on the pin in the pulpit."

She fell into a fit. She was questioned. She

accused others of bewitching her. Other children joined gravely in the accusations. Cotton Mather took several into his home, to study them, to make sure they were not impostors. After careful examination, he authenticated their charges.

From one he got a graphic description of the Satan who was so real to him: "There exhibited himself unto her a Divel having the Figure of A Short and a Black Man. He was a wretch no taller than an ordinary Walking-Staff; hee was not of a Negro, but of a Tawney, or an Indian color; hee wore a high-crowned Hat, with strait Hair; and had one Cloven-Foot. *Note:* That wee the standers-by could neither see nor Hear the things which thus entertained this young woman, and I hope wee never shall."

In all his discussions of the cases, Cotton Mather emphasizes the observation which is still to-day the mainstay of those who believe in spiritualism: "how much her Answers to the Spectres transcended her ordinary capacity." He relates how the victims were tortured by pinching, pin-pricking, scalding, and having hot irons thrust down their throats.

"Altho' wee have all the Demonstration a Reasonable man can desire, that Mercy Short could not in the least measure Hear, when wee were perhaps

Half an Hundred of us together singing of a Psalm in the Room; nevertheless, at that very Time, shee could Hear a little Knock of a little Child at the Door."

In another passage, Mather conclusively proves Mercy's deafness:

"Mercy: 'What do you say?'

"Minister: 'I say, tell 'em, That the Lord Jesus Christ has broken the Old Serpent's Heads. Can you hear?'

"Mercy: 'No. I can't hear a word.' "

Accusations grew. People from neighboring towns questioned the bewitched children as to who was doing the pin-pricking in other districts. No one dared speak openly against the persecution of the alleged witches. Nineteen were hanged and one pressed to death in Salem.

The Rev. George Burroughs, graduate of Harvard, had been pastor at Salem, and had left after parish squabbles. He was accused and condemned. On the day appointed for his execution, a hot day in August, crowds began early to gather in the square before the scaffold.

It was a big day for Salem. Four other witches besides the Rev. Burroughs were to be dispatched. The town square was packed. People talked to

one another nervously, in awed tones. Cotton Mather, a handsome figure on horseback, stationed himself at the fringes of the crowd, overlooking all, to glory that God's work was to be done.

Packed tight in the August heat, the spectators grew restless. Suddenly silence came over one section of the mob.

The cart, in which the five witches were paraded through the streets of Salem, had arrived. One by one, the accused, with blanched, strained faces, were led up the ladder, and the trap sprung.

The silence continued, until every brain was reeling from the tension. The crowd was now as pale as the dead.

Five thousand men and women already sated with death gasped as the Rev. Burroughs was led forth. His turn had come. Ten thousand eyes, fed on writhing agonies, stared at his placid face. He was led to the scaffold.

Upon the ladder, permission was granted him to speak. Instead of confessing all, he began a brazen defense of his innocence. The former minister of God grew eloquent. Cotton Mather, stationed in the fringes of the crowd, heard and bridled at this impudence.

Burroughs concluded with the Lord's Prayer,

which it was believed no witch could say through without error. Silence fell, silence so deep that his gentle voice rang clear to every corner of the square. Mather was indignant.

Burroughs bowed his head.

"Our Father, which art in Heaven . . ."

Silently, with bowed heads, the mob surged in closer with ears intent for the slightest trip of his tongue.

"Hallowed be thy name."

Gently, smoothly, without halt and without hesitation, the cultured voice went on to the very end.

"Thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory, forever. Amen."

A tumult arose. People cried his innocence. Men fought to get to the scaffold to tear him from the magistrates, to save his life.

Through the milling throng Cotton Mather made his way on horseback, to the very center, until he stood before the scaffold.

The terrible calm of excitement was in his eye. He raised his hand in command. The tumult ceased.

He began to speak.

He spoke quietly, easily, beginning with truths of God and man that all believed. The mob was restive, but listened. Soon his gravity and righteousness

brought the mob to his side. He grew bolder. He said Burroughs was no ordained minister of the Lord. He told how one of the choicest tricks of Satan to deceive God's lambs was to make the wicked agents of evil simulate angels of light. He led in prayer.

He motioned the executioner to go on with his work.

In that great crowd none stirred as the halter was adjusted over the neck of the condemned. George Burroughs bowed his head. The trap was sprung.

Mather, humble agent of the glory of God, directed his horse through the dispersing crowd toward home. While the Lord's Prayer had been blasphemously recited, he had seen the Evil One himself standing at the side of the accused, prompting every word.

Chapter XIV: *Harvest*

ECHOES of the furore reached Priscilla Alden in Boston. They touched her only dimly. Life was but a vague distress now.

Then the circle of the accused grew, taking in substantial people. It was this that brought an eventual end to the persecutions.

One fine evening in May, Priscilla sat in her rocking-chair by the window of her son's home. Long-faced magistrates arrived. They called John and spoke with him, gravely. Priscilla could not hear what was said; but like a child who does not understand words, she felt the alarm and panic that swept over the household.

John kissed her good-by and told her not to worry. With serious face and bowed head he went away with the magistrates.

John Alden, naval commander of Massachusetts Bay, stood accused of witchcraft. He was delivered over to the authorities of Salem.

Pale and calm he stood in court before his accus-

ers, children. They cried out and fell down as he approached, calling his name.

"There stands Alden, a bold fellow, with his hat on before the judges," shouted one. "He sells powder and shot to the Indians and French."

The marshal took Alden's sword from him. The children said he afflicted them through his sword. The trial proceeded after the fashion of all these trials.

Alden was asked why he afflicted these children. He denied all. The children reiterated that he pinched their arms. The magistrate ordered Alden to confess and give glory to God. He maintained he had nothing to confess. He was ordered to look upon his accusers.

They fell into fits. He was ordered to touch his accusers. They recovered at once.

This established his guilt.

Such phenomena were explained by the magistrates under a misconstruction of the then popular mechanistic theory of Descartes, which bore about the same relation to the Cartesian hypothesis of effluvia as the modern popular notion of evolution bears to the Darwinian theory. The magistrates believed that a witch, in looking at his victims, filled their bodies with malignant particles from his eyes,

which then returned to his own body through his hand when he touched them, leaving the victims free.

Alden remained adamant in his refusal to confess, and was thrown into jail. Terror seized him. He thought of all those who had been hanged, of the writhing faces he had seen on the scaffold. He plotted to escape.

For fifteen weeks Priscilla, his mother, sat at home, trying piteously to penetrate the conspiracy by which the family kept the terrible news from her. Suddenly she realized.

The thoughtful Judge Sewall, with Alden's pastor and two other ministers, visited the house to comfort the family and pray that Alden would speedily confess to save his soul.

Priscilla's hearing was quickened and she heard. She swooned. She was carried to her bed. She knew death was near.

Suddenly she awoke. She did not know how long she had been unconscious. She felt life keenly once more. She cried out in protest.

The whole pageant of her life spread before her. She saw her happy childhood in England before the worries of sin and God had been thrust upon her shoulders. She saw the gradual hardening.

She saw her father in his worry, remorse and death.

She remembered the day she and John had moved to Duxbury, and saw her little John in her arms, crying with fright at the water, and being comforted. Her little John, who now was naval commander.

She saw his earnest face as he had come to her with the problems of a little boy, and remembered the stiff righteous answers she had given.

She burst into tears.

Her son came to her. He had escaped from prison. Once more he held her in his strong arms. He held her tight and comforted her. Her tears stopped. She lay back upon the pillow, quite still.

"Forgive us," she said. Her voice came weakly. "Forgive us, for we know not what we do. As we sowed, so do we reap. We did our best, earnestly, yet that was not enough. Flee, flee to safety, but pity those who have wronged. We did according to our lights, and now we reap of our own hardness. I lost my sons, I lost all my children, long before you were taken from me. My own strength, my own hard righteousness, lost me my sons. For the mothers shall lose their children; and the fathers their fine sons. That is the tragedy of the New England way."

"I forgive," murmured John; "there is nothing to forgive."

She placed her hand upon him. She closed her eyes.

By night John made his way to Duxbury, where the indulgent magistrates suffered him to stay until the witch-scare had blown over.

It would be an interesting task to trace the history of Puritan civilization from that day to this. In each decade, in each generation, the parallels to our own time approach until they merge in the present minute.

In three centuries the face of the world has been changed. The western continent has been conquered. Great cities have sprung up to unbelievable heights. Trains, steamships, airplanes and automobiles have speeded communications. The telephone, the telegraph and the radio have brought men closer together. Factories belch forth their smoke where the Pilgrim threaded his way through the virgin woods. To consume all our enormous production, we have altered our standards of living, and have dubbed this Progress. Is life really so different, after all?

Externals change, modes of thought come and go,

but the essential core of middle-class society remains intact that the Puritans builded. The phenomenon of America is the manner in which hordes of alien immigrants have absorbed and clung to that ideal.

The Puritans prayed for profit. We pray for profit, and scourge with the same lash those who rear their heads in opposition to our society. They deported dissenters and executed Quakers. We have witnessed the Ludlow massacre; the Bisbee deportations; and the Gastonia violence.

We complicate the issue by closing our eyes to the facts, by comforting ourselves with the fiction that freedom of person and speech and press are realities. They are realities for most of us who lead complacent lives, not for those who oppose.

Most of our persecutions are entirely legal. So were theirs according to the law of the land.

The Puritans were intolerant and superstitious. They tried witches at Salem. We are familiar with the rise of the Ku Klux Klan, with the Scopes trial at Dayton, with the widespread belief in *hexing* and ritual murder.

The Puritans tortured their victims to get confessions. We use a politer term, the Third Degree.

Have the essentials of human nature changed?

Our elections turn on intolerance, on religious and

social prejudice. We have no religious restrictions to suffrage, but have an equally binding unwritten test for the highest office in the land.

Our Church and State have entered into the minute regulation of every man's life. Our pulpits, from the most liberal to the most bigoted, concern themselves, like the Puritan parsons, with secular affairs. Our government daily draws all industry, all enterprise, closer in the tentacles of its bureaucratic control. At the behest of the Church it has nominally suppressed the liquor traffic, as previously it had forced prostitutes and narcotics under cover.

We maintain the fiction of separation of Church and State. Puritans did not. Is there much practical difference?

Our liberals, indeed, cry out against prohibition. It is a feeble cry. None has dared protest as well the other prohibitions of women and drugs to which the same arguments of personal liberty and unenforcibility apply. Saint Augustine said, "Take away harlots from human society and you will have tainted everything with lust." As recent a thinker as Lecky referred to prostitutes as "safeguards of the sanctity of the home." We feel as superior to these moralists as we feel patronizing to Christ in his acceptance

of wine. Like the Puritans, we believe we have had new dispensations of moral truth.

The Puritans refused to face certain facts of life. We refuse to face the same facts. We prefer to have our youth diseased rather than to make freely available the simple methods of prophylaxis. Surely, if we were the practical people we think we are, a paragraph on argyrol would have long ago been substituted for the gaudy chapters in the school hygiene texts on the dangers of tobacco and alcohol.

Have we really changed?

We believe, with the Puritans, that when things are out of sight they no longer exist. Like them we are obsessed by the idea of purity. Their consciousness of sin haunts us, and we atone, in our own way, by purifications of the body, by assiduity in bathing that would have been a revelation to the Pharisees whom Christ upbraided, or the degenerate Egyptian priesthood of old.

In this we feel the same condescending superiority over our ancestors and over contemporary foreigners that Pharisees and Egyptians were noted for. The silent bathroom in mauve and orchid, with a wicker arm-chair to disguise its chief appurtenance, is the American shrine. There we lull in our souls our belief in the filth of man's estate that the

Puritan appeased in another way. The fascination of colonic irrigation under the guise of health reveals this same pathologic pursuit of cleanliness. Several of our most popular religious sects of the moment deny the existence of the body entirely. Thus have we progressed along the New England way.

Are we happier?

The Puritan had to spend twelve hours a week in church, but he was not compelled to spend fourteen hours a week in the subway. His compulsion seemed no more arbitrary to him than ours to us. Each was in the interest of prosperity.

We might be bored to have attendance in a Puritan church thrust upon us to occupy our leisure, but the Puritan might be equally bored with the antics of a Clara Bow. His vital interests were centered in the church. Golf and movies were not possible alternatives.

All our vaunted conquests of nature have invaded our lives even as they extended our range. The Puritan could not call London and Paris on the telephone, but he was secure from being waked at night by a wrong number. He could not travel hundreds of miles each day by automobile, but he could walk to the woods and enjoy their beauty in quiet without the imposition of billboards shrieking at him.

He was not free to compass great distances, but he was not restricted by traffic rules wherever he went. He could not get away much, but in his own back yard he had the glory and peace of nature that has now been all but wiped from the face of the continent.

Are we sure that the standard of living has been raised? Are we sure that electric ice-boxes and steam heat and creature comforts more than compensate for what we all have lost?

We, who can go thousands of miles in a day by airplane, often forget in our zest to question what we find when we get there. Have the essentials changed?

It is the fashion now to honor some of the softer human feelings that the Puritan slighted: tolerance, poetic sentimentality, and love of man. Yet nature, in the long struggle of the evolution of the race, honors with survival those other stronger qualities which we tend to slight, with which the Puritan was eminently endowed. Of that harsh process of selection we are the product. Is it as compensation that we pay lip service to the graces?

We follow in the path that the Puritan blazed, in their same middle-class attempt to lead a better life than our fathers knew. We have the same climate

to wrestle with, the same cold, hostile earth from which to wrest our desires, and which in return shapes our souls. The sense of duty pursues us ever.

We, too, pray for profit.

We have abolished slavery in name, as the generation before the Puritans abolished serfdom. We are abolishing child labor just as slavery was abolished. Humanitarian feeling keeps nicely in step with economic advantage. But changing the words does not affect the essential slavery of man to nature or of man to man. The progress of human slavery is not broken by altering the names.

The Puritan stressed virtue and godliness. Pleasure and freedom are our goal. In the course of three centuries has the sum of human happiness been increased? Are we actually more free? Are virtue and godliness really any less among us?

It would be interesting to know.

THE END

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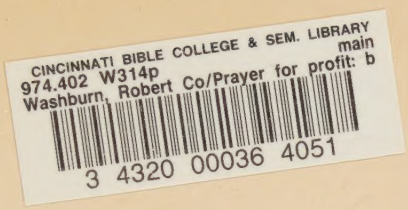
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